A REAL FREE INSURANCE. See page 27.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XVII. No 446. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1914. ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

963311

For magazine of this No. see part II. of cover.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If *Britain* to itself do rest but true.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

Largest Circulation of any Weekly Journal in the World.

"ZEPPELIN" PERIL COUPON.

(Insuring against ANY Enemy Aircraft).

Name of Insured .....

Address .....

.....

Age next Birthday.....

NOMINATION FORM.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the United Kingdom by Enemy Aircraft, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate next myself, or in the event of my death ;—

Name .....

Address .....

.....

to receive such sum as may become payable under the terms of the Insurance Scheme set out in "JOHN BULL."

This coupon must be signed by the insured—or, in the case of children under twelve years of age—by their parents or legal guardians, and is available for London and twelve-mile radius till 8 a.m. Tuesday, December 22nd, and all other parts of the United Kingdom till 8 a.m. Wednesday, December 23rd.

DOMIGO A RECOGNISED REMEDY FOR ALL BLOOD DISEASES, WHETHER ACQUIRED OR INHERITED.

A purely South African Vegetable Medicine, free from all poisonous ingredients. Acts as a tonic and builds the system. Obtainable at 3/9 and 6/6 per bottle. DOMIGO Strengthening Pills 1/6 and 2/6 per tin; DOMIGO Medicated Skin Soap, 6d. per tablet, 2/- per box of 3 tablets; DOMIGO PILE PILLS, 4/3 per box. Post free from THE DOMIGO CHEMICAL CO., Dept. J.B., 16, Aldersgate Street, London, and 40 Pritchard St., Johannesburg. When ordering specify brackle.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover an identification number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be declared and published IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL of specified date, bearing any of such numbers we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims :—

J. WALLACE, Combination Hospital, Johnstone. 534,311. November 21st.
R. F. GOODBODY, 6, Hanover Road, Finchley, S.E. 94,888. November 20th.
ROBERT BARKER, 4, William Street, South Moor, Stanley, S.O. 121,491. November 14th.
S. D. HAUGHTON, 1, Thurlow Street, Rusholme, Manchester. 388,507. November 21st.
FRANK WHITE, Alexander Hotel, Victoria Park Road, E. Hackney. 102,703. November 21st.
T. ASHDOWN, 9821, 95 Street, South Edmonton, Alberta, Canada. 132,699. September 29th.
GEORGE HARPHER, 25, Leicester Street, Barwick, nr. Bolton, Lancs. 833,934. November 20th.
FRANK CLINE, 2, Laura Cottages, Millwall, Poplar, E. 233,434. November 23th.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of December 12th :—

091211	108982	244889	581449	941282
020884	178182	271912	607869	976182
038815	208882	413254	641899	994782
042883	219880	499978	676838	915421
056096	229897	498540	703552	937578
060941	251782	478898	720692	970757
078762	278144	494888	775007	998883
100861	312858	506898	787314	A000791
123903	321405	544673	800113	A008352
144042	346630	565020	828780	A027408

The A prefixed to a drawn number indicates it is plus a million.

The Fifty Numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published December 23rd).

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 1d. stamp for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" or "Mary Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d off the price. You may send 13 Coupons and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 1d. stamp for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. December 19 1914.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib

FIRST READ THIS. If you predict the "Home" Team will win, put in ink a X in the Home Column; if you predict the "Away" Team will win, put a X in the Away Column. For Draw put X in the Draw Column.

John Bull ENTRANCE FORM.

Matches to be played Saturday, Dec. 26th.

HOME.	AWAY.	DR. W.	HOME TEAM.		AWAY TEAM.
			Bradford	v.	Everton
			Tottenham H.	v.	Sheffield W.
			Sheffield U.	v.	Blackburn R.
			Liverpool	v.	Manchester U.
			Notts C.	v.	Middlesbro'
			Manchester C.	v.	Chelsea
			W. Bromwich	v.	Burnley
			Sunderland	v.	Newcastle U.
			Bury	v.	Birmingham
			Barnsley	v.	Clapton O.
			Wolver. Wand.	v.	Hull City
			Gillingham	v.	Norwich City
			Exeter City	v.	Watford
			Swindon	v.	Reading
			Croydon C.	v.	Southend U.
			Southampton	v.	Portsmouth
			Northampton	v.	Luton T.
			West Ham U.	v.	Brighton & H.
			Crystal P.	v.	Millwall A.
			Cardiff C.	v.	Plymouth A.

I enter "JOHN BULL" Football Competition in accordance with the rules announced on this page and agree to accept the Editor's published decision as final and legally binding, and enter on that understanding.

Signed .....

9 *Address* .....

.....

Entrance Forms must be cut, not torn out.

Read Rules Carefully.

NOTE METHOD OF MARKING COUPON.

We have adopted the following rule for marking the Entrance Forms—If you predict the Home Team will win, put a X in the Home Column, if you give the Away Team to win, put a X in the Away Column. For a Draw put a X in the Draw Column.

2. Having done this, write in ink (typewriting or pencilling will not do) your name and address in the space provided, cut out the Entrance Form, and address it to "John Bull," 25, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C., mark envelope in top left-hand corner, Football Contest, No. 9, and send to reach us not later than first post Thursday, December 24th.

3. The sum of £1,000 will be paid to the Competitor whose entrance form contains the correct results, as published in the *Sporting Life*, of all the matches given played to a finish on December 26th. Should it happen that no entrance form be received giving the whole of the correct results, a cash prize of £100 will be paid to the Competitor sending in the most correct Forecasts whatever the number; and £25 to the sender of the most correct forecasts on a mauve coupon taken from *Mary Bull*. If the sender of a mauve coupon should win or share the £1,000, or the £100, the *Mary Bull* prize will be awarded to the sender of the next most correct forecasts on a mauve coupon.

4. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort. No correspondence will be entered into, neither will interviews be granted.

5. Any effort on which any alteration has been made will be disqualified.

6. In the event of a tie or ties in this Competition, the £1,000, the £100 as well as the special £25 mauve coupon Prize, will be equally divided.

7. Our employees are strictly debarred from entering this contest.

8. Scottish readers may enter.

CONTEST CLOSES FIRST POST THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24th.

DUPLICATE COUPON.

The following duplicate list of the matches is printed solely for the convenience of Competitors desirous of keeping a record of their efforts. It must on no account be sent in, and will not be accepted as proof of forecasts made on the Entrance Form.

HOME	AWAY	DRAW
Bradford v. Everton		
Tottenham H. v. Sheffield W.		
Sheffield U. v. Blackburn R.		
Liverpool v. Manchester U.		
Notts C. v. Middlesbro'.		
Manchester C. v. Chelsea		
W. Bromwich v. Burnley		
Sunderland v. Newcastle U.		
Bury v. Birmingham.		
Barnsley v. Clapton O.		
Wolver'ton v. Hull City		
Gillingham v. Norwich City		
Exeter City v. Watford		
Swindon v. Reading		
Croydon C. v. Southend U.		
Southampton v. Portsmouth		
Northampton v. Luton T.		
West Ham v. Brighton & H.		
Crystal P. v. Millwall A.		
Cardiff C. v. Plymouth A.		

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XVII. No. 446 Week ending Saturday, December 19th, 1914. One Penny.

FOR FRIENDS AT HOME AND ABROAD.
THE IDEAL XMAS GIFT.

The "JOHN BULL"
Portfolio of
WAR CELEBRITIES 1/-
16 SUPERB PORTRAITS FOR

ON SALE AT ALL BOOKSTALLS.
Post Free 1s. 2d. from JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.

£10 REWARD.

Wanted, the Copy of "John Bull" for DEC. 12th, 1914, bearing on its Cover the Number 074,638.
Apply THE MANAGER "JOHN BULL,"
93, Long Acre, London, W.C.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

Of Your Charity.

May we say just a word for the silent, suffering poor of London, who, this Christmas-time especially, are liable to be overlooked in the multitude of calls upon your charity, due to the war? *Please* try to spare them a trifle—money, food, clothing, toys for the kiddies—*anything* to brighten up their lives a bit. Indirectly, many of them are war victims, the economic effect of the war being so complex; but, in any case, the distress is always great—so send along your subscriptions or your parcels. See page 26.

A Reminder to Pension Committees.

May we again suggest that pension payments which will become due on the Monday after Christmas should be paid on Christmas Eve? It means such a lot to the poor people; and there can be no valid objection.

"A Little People."

Just as in the din of the great war we hear comparatively little of our Servian ally, so, too, have we quite lost sight of one "little people" on whose behalf we are supposed to be fighting—the tiny Duchy of Luxemburg, whose integrity, not less than that of Belgium, the Powers guaranteed. No, we must not forget *any* of our allies when we get to the round table of Berlin.

The John Bull Badge.

Have you seen the new John Bull British Citizenship Badge—with its proud motto, *Civis Britannicus Sum*? *Every* Briton should wear one. You can learn all about it by reference to page 13.

Brussels and Hove.

The German Governor-General of Brussels is now Freiherr Von Bissing—in succession to Von Goltz, who has gone back to Berlin. And Von Bissing's brother is a "naturalised British subject," residing in Hove. He was recently arrested, on suspicion of being a spy, but was released—by the special intervention of a certain Member of the Cabinet, it is said. His house commands a fine view of the sea—and we hope he benefits by its balmy breezes.

Hove and Brighton.

And that reminds us that Hove is less particular about Germans in its midst than its big Brighton brother. True it did issue an Expulsion Order, but it was recently revoked, and now you can witness the spectacle of grinning Teutons standing at the boundary of the two towns and snapping their fingers at the Brighton authorities. Only the other day one of them who ventured into the precincts of Chief Constable Gentle, and was promptly arrested, got off on the ground that his permit allowed him to roam within a four-mile radius! We can only say that the Brighton Bench were unduly polite to their little neighbouring municipality. But just imagine an imperial question of this kind being left to the caprice of local bodies.

Pot and Kettle.

A very pretty sparring match is going on between the Northcliffe and the Cadbury press as to which of the two has the better record in connection with the war. It is an edifying spectacle, and from a purely domestic press point of view, quite interesting, but very untimely.

Rationalists and the War.

In a great crisis like the present, it is important to ascertain the attitude of every school of thought—and the most thoughtful of all the schools is the Rationalist. Just send eightpence to Messrs. Watts and Co., 17, Johnson's Court, London, E.C., for the *R.P.A. Annual*, and you will not regret the outlay.

Our Libel Actions.

As we go to press, a Sussex special jury has given a verdict in our favour in the Brighton West Pier case and "Vorzanger's Blue Hungarian Band"—whilst Mr. Bloomer, the Luton solicitor, has not yet set down for retrial his case—in which the jury failed to agree.

A Word for Tommy.

What a scandal it is that we should have to be pleading for travelling facilities for the man in khaki! That he should be put to *any* expense when visiting his friends and relatives is a disgrace to the nation; and unless he gets absolutely free travelling during Christmas leave—well, we shall want "to know the reason why."

Next Week—

We publish in London on Tuesday and elsewhere Wednesday.

Another Special "Bullets" Xmas offer this week. See page 28.

Barring the Music.

With sure eye and ear, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, in his fine articles in the *Telegraph* on "The Making of an Army," notices that the British training camps are without music. From the letters which reach us we know there are still many things to be put right there, and that, barring the distant skirl of the bagpipes, which Mr. Kipling seems to have heard from over the hills and far away, there is no music in camp to soothe the savage chest. This is in accord with the policy of the War Office; it does not wish the Army to make too much noise, create too much enthusiasm, or look too gaudy; wherefore it scraps the drum and the cymbals, and the trumpets, also the shawms—locks the new warriors away lest anybody should see them, and keeps them out at elbows and down at heels for the earthly welfare of the army contractor. What a mercy it is that Providence thinks so well of us!

"Printed in Germany."

Many readers in the Christmas-card trade are still tremulously pressing us for a light to guide them amid all the compliments of the season. "Now, if you had a stock of Germhun printed cards bought and paid for before the war broke out, or was even thought of, and on the sale of which you were partly dependent for your daily bread, what would you do?". This is the question in a nutshell. To be frank and fair, there is only one thing to answer: that is, sell them for what they are as long as anyone will purchase them, and then never, never, never again buy any more, if British cards can be bought. In no circumstances, however, should any attempt be made or allowed to be made, to pass them off on the public as of British origin.

Philip Himself Again.

Mr. Philip Snowden, Labour Member for Blackburn, writes to say he has been ill in New Zealand, but is now better, adding that "Since the outbreak of the war we have been extremely anxious to get back to England; this anxiety has considerably retarded my recovery." There is no reason for Mr. Snowden to hurry; as an M P. his £400 a year will continue with the usual regularity, his sentiments as a little-Navy man are on record, and his notions that the British working man would be quite as well off as he is at present even if the Germans did invade England, are well known and duly appreciated. Our suggestion is that when he has finished his teetotal lectures in New Zealand he should go on to Jericho.

Pampered Regiments.

Will readers, before sending mufflers, mittens, and other comforts to the front, kindly inquire of the War Office as to which regiments need them most? We hear of some units so overdone with these things that they are actually making pillows and mattresses of them—whilst poor devils in other parts of the trenches are frozen nearly to death.

Disciplined Dependents.

We have often been told that the people of this country lack discipline—and have smiled. A hundred lads from Kings Lynn, who had joined Kitchener's Army, were about to proceed by train to Peterborough. Fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers and sweethearts accompanied them as far as the barrier, where they were stopped, because it is a new rule of the railway company that none may tread the platform without a penny ticket. Those who went to see the brave lads off thereupon purchased tickets, and passed through the barrier. Talk about discipline! If ever there was justification for a push all together this was surely the occasion.

Getting On.

Many things are being done very bady just now because they are being done by people who don't know how to do them. This may seem the tritest of truisms, but it sums up in a phrase the essential vice of our administrative system, and it is really wonderful to notice how swiftly some of our contemporaries are coming round to our point of view in these matters. Thus, the dear, respectable, old *Scotsman* has at length "discovered" that "the organising ability of the nation . . . might be much more highly developed, especially on the civil side of the War Office." Believing that, despite the experience of the past, the military authorities have been quite extensively robbed by unscrupulous contractors, our contemporary goes on to propound its patent remedy. "A committee of business men would have been less easily outmanœuvred." And what the *Scotsman* says to-day, John Bull has said for the last eight years, and all Britain will say to-morrow.

Only a Lascar.

A remarkable story was recently told to the Isle of Wight Coroner, who inquired into the death of an Indian coal-trimmer upon the s.s. *Inventor*, lying in Cowes Roads. Although the vessel carried a crew of eighty hands, there was no doctor on board, and upon first complaining of illness the poor fellow was treated, as best they knew, by the captain and the chief steward. Despite a few doses of "fever mixture" prescribed "according to the *Medical Guide*," the patient grew rapidly worse, and having in point of fact developed double pneumonia he ultimately became unconscious. At this juncture "urgent" signalling flags were displayed, calling for assistance for a sick man; but the ship was two miles from the land, and no one came. Finally, a message was sent ashore by a transport launch, but before the arrival of a doctor the sufferer had breathed his last. Thus, under the paternal care of the Board of Trade, may a British seaman dies upon a British ship in this current year of grace.

Runciman Rewarded.

The Member for West Hartlepool, Sir Walter Runciman, who achieved notoriety by his sympathetic references to "the poor Germans," has lately bee n offered an unsolicited tribute. The members of the Baltic, the great Shipping Exchange, decided that his services to the cause of the Kaiser deserved recognition, and as that monarch is unable to confer a decoration personally, a small but highly popular Committee determined to act as proxies for the great Hun. A notice was accordingly posted on the official board, informing members that a presentation of an Iron Cross would be made to Sir Walter by his admirers—the said award of merit having been procured from a gutter merchant at the cost of one penny. The token was, however, indignantly refused—but, perhaps, it will now be offered to the member for Merthyr Tydvil.

Fortified Tommies.

Suggestions for improving the British Army are raining on us just now. One of them reminds us of the bullet-proof waistcoat of the Herr Somebody or other offered to the German and other armies about a quarter of a century ago. Here it is: "Cannot we make thin sheet-steel shields to hang on the shoulders and cover the chest, and below? They need not weigh more than 1lb. weight, and could be worn under the tunic." We don't think 1lb. of fortification would be of much use in modern warfare, and even if it were we suspect Tommy would leave it at home with his nightie or pyjamas.

Had your "John Bull" Xmas Number yet? If not, get it now; nearly sold out.

Shall We *Never* Learn?

Few men of clear intelligence can dispute that our state of unpreparedness when war broke out, *if not the war itself*, was directly due to the divisions, feuds and wilful blindness of our Party politicians. For years national interests have been sacrificed to the interests of Party; and it is only pluck, luck and the British talent for "muddling through" that saved our Empire from a dire catastrophe during the early stages of the war. The whole nation must realise the truth of this—at any rate, the *thinking* portion of it must—and one might have expected that, during the period of the war if not longer, Party would have lain *perdu*. But, alas! Party politics are not killed—they are merely temporarily scotched. How else should we find the following advertisement in a London newspaper of recent issue:—

> UNIONIST AGENT, experienced, WANTED for borough constituency. Commencing salary £200 per annum. Applications, accompanied by copies of three testimonials to A. J., Box——.

Unionist agent, forsooth! When the Home Rule Bill is on the Statute Book and the Hun is howling at the gate! Let us have done with this foolery, and make it our business to elect to Parliament not Liberals, not Unionists, not self-seeking, log-rolling Party hacks, whose constituents have to be carefully "nursed" by paid agents and expert electioneerers, but MEN whose guiding principle is patriotism, whose political creed is political honesty, and whose aim is Business in the highest, broadest, and deepest sense of the word.

Enter—the General,

When so many pious persons and parsons have been wringing their hands over the alleged increase of drunkenness among women, it is really too bad of General Bramwell Booth to butt in with the assertion that his reports do not show such an increase in drinking among women as seems to him to justify all that has been said. The good General is evidently anxious "not to put too fine a point upon it," but obviously his statement might be freely translated in a manner quite uncomplimentary to the Archbishop of Canterbury and his fellow prophets of lamentation. For our own part, we believe that Salvationists in general have wonderful noses for liquor, and we unhesitatingly back their "beer-feelers" against the less sensitive organs of more orthodox moral censors, some of whom, for reasons which we cannot fathom, have clearly "got the smell in their noses" to a most alarming extent.

London County Council Clerkship.

It is now proposed that the resignation of Sir Laurence Gomme, Clerk of the London County Council, shall take place as from March 31st next. In these circumstances the Council will naturally want a successor, but we are not clear for the moment whether it is proposed to appoint the new Clerk by jobbery, fake, or fair competition among the best available men. Having in view some recent precedents, we shall watch the jumping of the cat with considerable interest. It is an erratic sort of creature, but its movements are naturally influenced in these matters by the gentleman in charge of the milk.

Nister's Notion.

In reference to our paragraph under this head in our last issue, we are told that Mr. Nister has completely satisfied the Board of Trade that the calendars in question have been produced in England. We are glad to learn that the authorities took up the matter so promptly, and that they are satisfied that, whilst the facts we stated were correct, Mr. Nister was able to show conclusively that he was offering British, and not foreign, goods to the public.

Sound Sense.

The Forfar United Free Church Presbytery recently considered the terms of a circular condemning, upon the narrowest Sabbatarian grounds, the production and sale of Sunday newspapers In the course of the discussion, the Rev. J. A. Tweedie, of Arbroath, a broad-minded and sensible cleric, moved "that the communication lie on the table," and in a speech full of practical wisdom outlined his reasons for opposing its sweeping recommendations. As a practical man, Mr Tweedie reminded his hearers that, whatever the Free Kirk might do or say, "the Press would continue to do just as they had done," and he plainly expressed his conviction that Sunday newspapers supplied a perfectly wholesome and legitimate demand. "There was," he said, "an intense public feeling and a demand for information that was not idle curiosity, but a desire to know how a cause which had been declared from every pulpit in the country to be a just cause was proceeding." Just so, and in full sight of those who freely accuse us of being "down on the parsons," we raise our hat to Mr. Tweedie!

The Sad Eye.

"The girls here wear badges, having pledged themselves not to speak to a soldier." This amazing statement is contained in a letter from a member of Lord Kitchener's Army in training at Burgess Hill, Sussex. In the course of an indignant protest, the father of the writer considers it "an abominable aspersion upon the King's uniform, and an act of disloyalty on the part of any person thus to extort from girls an oath to boycott the lads who have the courage to brave the risks, the hardships and privations of a soldier's lot in this terrible war." Cordially endorsing these strictures, we should be interested to trace the genesis of what appears to be a deliberately planned scheme of insult to our newly-enlisted soldiers. Of the action of the girls themselves, it is difficult to speak with patience. Perhaps, after all, their frigid stares are preferable to any travesty of the "glad eye" which they could possibly muster. By-the-way, what is their age?

A Friend Indeed.

Never probably since the palmy days of the Hotel Cecil, when Lord Salisbury could form a Cabinet meeting by summoning his relatives to dinner, and of the noble and ancient order of Halsbury—that still extant Lord Chancellor who also looked so well after his relations—has anybody so thoroughly earned the gratitude of his friends as Mr. Lloyd George. The latest to be exalted to an office of profit under the Crown is Sir David Brynmor Jones, M.P., elevated to £2,000 a year as a Master in Lunacy—one of those rewards of political merit which have to be captured while they are going, or be for ever lost. The work is light, the salary is useful, and—heaven bless our happy home!—the seat is safe. Once again, true merit proves its own reward.

"Jacob's Jump."

Though we do not admit we have done the smallest injustice to Messrs. F. Jacob and Co., Ltd., of Theobald's Road, W.C., in our recent references to their firm or their beer, we are quite willing to state at their request that all their directors, shareholders and workpeople are British born, that they have never employed a foreigner since the foundation of the firm, and that the "pilsener" now sold under the label is brewed in Gothenburg, Sweden. One of the directors has placed a motor-boat at the disposition of the Government for military purposes, and a son of his has a commission in the British Army. For any further explanations our advertising columns are open to the firm on the usual terms, but early application should be made!

Last chance to win our £1,000 Football prize. Final coupon.

LORD HALDANE MUST GO.

HIS PROPER PLACE ON THE WOOLSACK ONLY—NOT IN THE CABINET.

When a nation is at war its Government—be it good or bad, strong or weak, and whatever its political complexion—becomes automatically, from the first outbreak of hostilities, the National Committee of Public Safety, and anyone who in any way does aught to weaken its authority becomes with equal precision an enemy to his King and country. That is why we have ceased to criticise, even where we have most differed from the policy of Ministers; that is why we have remained silent when knowledge in our possession—never mind what its nature—has sorely tempted us to speak out. We have refrained, even, from preaching our weekly sermon in favour of a Business Government—and have been content (as we shall remain till the end of the war) to let the old Party machine go grinding on, whilst we all do our best to lubricate its rusty wheels and keep it going. Wherefore, it is with no light heart that we now suggest that the time has arrived for at least one member of the Ministry to refrain from meddling further with affairs of State. But we can do so without in any way embarrassing his colleagues, for his proper sphere of activity has ceased to be either diplomatic or political. As Lord Chancellor, Lord Haldane is head of the Justiciary of Great Britain—and our request is that he should for the future confine his attention to the duties of that post. It is true that for several years he filled the remarkable *role* of War Secretary—and inasmuch as his doings in that capacity were the acts of the Government of which he was a member, it is not our intention to criticise any of them to-day. To do so would be to attack the King's Ministry. But what we may say—and what we do say—is that Lord Haldane's place is on the Woolsack—and nowhere else. We protest against his being constantly messing about at the War Office and even at the Foreign Office. What is he doing in those galleys? In speaking thus frankly we break no agreement, express or tacit, nor do we depart by a hairsbreadth from our pledge of truce.

The Simple Test.

One simple rule must dictate our policy. Just as where, in our honest judgment, silence might best serve the interests of the nation, and our lips have remained closed, so, when something *must* be said for the public good, we have not hesitated to speak—as, for example, in relation to the Spy Peril, or to the position of the late First Sea Lord. And if we are persuaded that any member of the Cabinet is a source of public danger, we must utter our emphatic word. Once the security of the State is threatened, personal considerations fly to the winds. Conscience compels speech, and here quite bluntly and briefly is what we have to say. In the British Cabinet to-day there sits a fervent admirer and a close personal friend of the Kaiser—a man steeped to the eyes in German "culture," and alive in every nerve with Teutonic sympathies. His supreme interest lies not in politics but in philosophy. The German Hegel is his prophet. He prefers the library to the forum, and Goethe, Schiller, and Heine are as dear to him as the masters of his mother-tongue. His prevailing sentiment is an intellectual humanitarianism, which reeks nought of national boundaries. If the truth may be discerned from a thousand subtle hints and indications, his heart is in Berlin, or perhaps rather in Heidelberg or Leipzig, or any other of the German seats of learning. Despite his oath of the Privy Council, he remains a member of a World-Republic of Letters, of which, to judge from unguarded speeches, the Destroyer of Louvain is chosen President. He has translated German philosophy and written German history. But for all his superb "mentality," he is a man of homely, human interests; and his pet dog is called "Kaiser"! And in the portrait-gallery of Potsdam there are few more cherished figures than that of Viscount Haldane of Cloan, Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain!

Here is the speech he delivered, two years ago, before the German Ambassador, and special representatives of Austria-Hungary and Italy. He was proposing the health of the Kaiser at the anniversary dinner of the German Hospital:—

> I speak of one whom we admire in this country and regard as one of ourselves.
>
> He (the Kaiser) knows our language and our institutions as we do, and he speaks as we do.
>
> The German Emperor is something more than an emperor—he is a man, and a great man. He is gifted by the gods with the highest gift that they can give—I use a German word to express it—Geist (spirit). He has got Geist in the highest degree. He has been a true leader of his people—a leader in spirit as well as in deed. He has guided them through nearly a quarter of a century, and preserved unbroken peace. I know no record of which a monarch has better cause to be proud. In every direction his activities have been remarkable.
>
> He has given his country that splendid fleet that we who know about fleets admire; he has preserved the tradition of the greatest army the world has ever seen; but it is in the arts of peace that he has been equally great. He has been the leader of his people in education and in the solution of great social questions.
>
> That is a great record, and it makes one feel a sense of rejoicing that the man who is associated with these things should be half an Englishman. I have the feeling very strongly that in the last few years Germany and England have become much more like each other than they used to be. It is because we have got so much like each other that a certain element of rivalry comes in.
>
> We two nations have a great common task in the world—to make the world better. It is because the German Emperor, I know, shares that conviction profoundly that it gives me the greatest pleasure to give you the toast of his name.

Yes, it had better be said at once. When John Burns and Lord Morley walked out of 10, Downing Street on that fateful morning in August last, there was a man left behind in the Council Chamber who ought, as he regarded his conscience, to have gone

with them. Imagine the situation. That little gathering around the Prime Minister's table was to settle the fate of Europe for the next century at least. It was more than a Committee of State—it was a Tribunal of Justice. A dishonoured, blood-guilty monarch awaited sentence at the hands of the only human Power which could finally execute his doom. And there, amongst his judges, sat his friend and confidant. An idle thought, perhaps, but we should like to have seen the face of the Lord Chancellor as Sir Edward Grey unfolded the full story of the Kaiser's devilish designs in the presence of his principal apologist and defender. Perhaps it betrayed no emotion, for Lord Haldane is a trained lawyer, and an experienced judge. This, however, is certain. The presence at that table of this notorious Germanophile was an offence and an affront to those of his colleagues—perhaps three of the whole number—who, in the teeth of his honeyed assurances, had insisted upon the grim reality of the German menace. It has been said, with what truth we know not, that throughout these crucial debates the Lord Chancellor lay back in his chair with closed eyes, as though his thoughts were far from the immediate scene. His roving fancy may perhaps have revisited the paved terraces of Potsdam, where he and his Imperial friend were wont to walk to and fro in earnest converse; or, perchance, he was back again in spirit at the German Army manœuvres, where the clumsy horsemanship of a British War Minister provoked the jocose pleasantry of a "friendly" Emperor!

Of the mad folly which inducted a pacifist and a Germanophile to the Ministry of War at a crucial period in our military history, it is idle now to speak, nor need we picture the joy of Berlin at the news that a middle-aged Chancery lawyer, steeped in German traditions, had been placed in supreme control of the British Army. With something like shame we remember how the peace-loving War Minister was "fussed over" by the scheming War Lord, and how after each fresh visit to Germany the pedantic and purblind philosopher returned to purr and prate of peace. Then came the Agadir crisis, with the hysterical anti-British outburst in the German Press—and still Lord Haldane had nothing but scorn for the "scaremongering" of honest critics. A few months later he, of all men, was chosen for a "special mission" to Berlin, where he was again fooled to the top of his bent by his wily and unscrupulous patron—so much so that Mr. Asquith felt warranted in assuring the House of Commons, upon the express authority of his special envoy, that the episode "ought to dispel suspicion, wherever it still prevails, that either Government contemplates aggressive designs against the other." This was less than three years ago. Picture Europe to-day, and think of the pitiful fatuity of it all!

Last August, in response to the Kaiser's challenge, the nation leapt to its guns with a bull-dog spring which boded ill for any man who should stand in the path of its wrath Since then the attitude of the Lord Chancellor, though devoid of enthusiasm, has been scrupulously "correct." He has made few appearances upon public platforms, but when he has spoken, his words have been void of offence. All this is true, and yet there is grave danger. With a lawyer's facility in speech, Lord Haldane has a philosopher's contempt for mere rhetoric. He is not talking—he is working. Let there be no mistake about it. The newspapers haven't said so, but it is an indisputable fact that this pseudo-German Minister has been called in to advise and assist Sir Edward Grey in the delicate and difficult work of the Foreign Office. His unrivalled knowledge of the shoals and quicksands among which British diplomacy now steers, has been made a pretext for giving him a place at the helmsman's side. There lies the danger. Unless the nation is warned of it, the Foreign Minister will have the Lord Chancellor at his elbow throughout the crucial negotiations which must precede a lasting peace. The beaten and distracted Kaiser will have a friend at Court.

As we have said, Haldane must go He must quit the Cabinet, and never again cross the threshold of the Foreign Office. Let him go back to his law and philosophy, his scholarly researches and equity pleadings, and leave politics to whole-souled Britons. As a statesman we have no further use for him. The ease with which he was gulled—not for an hour, but for years—by a half-crazed monarch, with murder in his heart, stamps him as utterly unfit for the part which he essays to play in the crisis of our Imperial fate. Sooner or later—perhaps sooner than we expect—the peace-at-any-price party, now shocked into silence, will begin to stir themselves, in the hope of influencing the judgment of Ministers. They will find no support in the country at large—and they must have no spokesman in the Cabinet.

THE FINAL COURT OF APPEAL.

That, then, is our demand. Lord Haldane must leave the Cabinet. Let him, by all means, remain on the Woolsack—dealing with complex questions of law and equity. But he must not any longer remain in the secret council of the King's Government. It is not right; it is not seemly; it is not decent. After all, he is but a human being, and human nature is not steel proof against sentiment, tradition and environment. Critical days are in store. The Court will soon meet to pass final sentence on the modern Attila—and its constitution must be beyond reproach If the Kaiser stood indicted before our Court of Criminal Appeal to-day, would Lord Haldane dare preside? Would public opinion tolerate it? Then surely—when the fate of not only this mad monarch but, indirectly, of all the peoples of the earth is at stake—we must have a pure, impartial tribunal. Lord Morley and John Burns have had the decency to retire. We do not appreciate their intelligence in still regarding the Kaiser as a missionary of Peace, but we respect their honesty. They have given up position, power and emoluments and have probably committed political suicide. To an old man like Morley, perhaps, the future is of no personal interest, but they who know John Burns will at least pay him this need of praise—that he has given up all and everything for conscience's sake. To have remained in the Ministry, at heart the Kaiser's friend; would have been a foul betrayal of trust; and Lord Haldane will best consult his reputation by following that example. He will, at the same time, relieve the public mind of an uncomfortable burden Let him step aside from political activity for three years, or the duration of the war. Neither his King nor his country, at the moment, needs him!

JACK JOHNSON TAKES THE KNOCK!

THE BLACK PUGILIST COUNTED OUT—BUNKUM, BRAG AND BLUSTER.

We have knocked Jack Johnson clean out. There is no question of a foul or a win on points. In boxing parlance, we have "put him to sleep"; and his pugilistic career is now ended.

It will be remembered that in our issue of July 18th last we charged Johnson with being a "boxing crook"—a "boxing swindler"—and supported our allegations with documentary evidence, proving that in his contest with Moran Johnson had agreed to pay him a large percentage of the receipts on the condition that Moran would lose the fight "inside of eight rounds." Our revelations caused a veritable sensation throughout the boxing world, but the negro apparently decided to bluff the matter out.

Johnson's Bluff.

He was at the time fulfilling a series of music-hall engagements, and it came to our knowledge that prior to each performance he was referring to our charges, alleging the documents to be fictitious, and publicly offering to forfeit the sum of £200 if "John Bull could produce any document that Johnson had signed his signature to," by such document meaning the one we had published; for he went on to state "Jack Johnson's signature is very easily got. There is not a day that I do not send my signature to a lady or a gentleman, and it may have been obtained in this way." At one music-hall he said (we had shorthand writers present to take down his words), "The attack that you have read in that paper is absolutely a lie and stands without foundation, and I am here to prove it. If 'little Johnny' has got these documents why does he not send one of his reporters round to present them on this stage, as I have a standing offer of £200 if he can produce one single document?"

Our Reply.

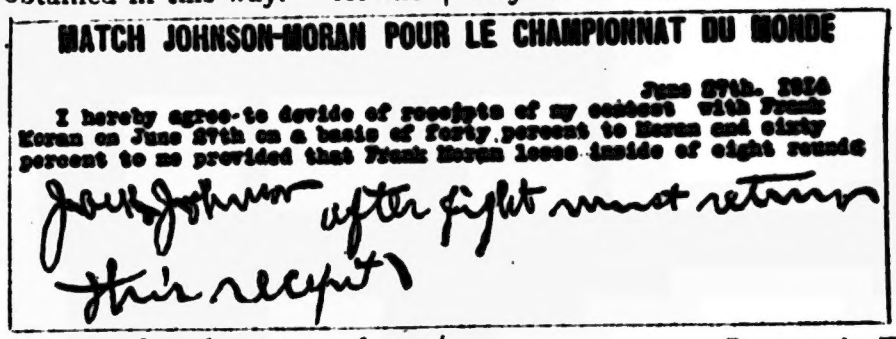
We were not, however, sending original documents of so important a character down to music-halls—especially as Johnson was usually surrounded by one or two friends into whose hands we should not have cared to place the original evidence upon which we relied for proof of our charges. Inasmuch, however, as Johnson was making a definite challenge, we decided to put his sincerity at once to the test. In our issue of July 25th, therefore, we said: "Here is our reply to the challenge. We have lodged in a separate account with our Bankers—whose receipt we append—the sum of £2,000, and, when Johnson puts up his £200, we are willing that the whole amount should be placed in the hands of Lord Lonsdale, Mr. Eugene Corri, or any other sporting notability, to be by him in turn handed over to Johnson if, in the opinion of any representative committee of sportsmen, the documents we have published are not genuine. In other words, we lay the negro 10 to 1 that his answer to our charges is false." We reproduced in facsimile the receipt of our Bankers for the £2,000—but our offer was not accepted. Johnson had evidently taken second thoughts, and had decided to resort to the old expedient of issuing a writ for libel, knowing that our lips would then be sealed, and that several months would elapse during which he doubtless hoped the effect of our exposure would, to a large extent, have worn off.

Johnson's Action.

The writ was duly served upon us, and we immediately entered appearance and intimated to Johnson's solicitors that it was our intention to press the action to trial with all possible speed. Knowing Johnson's methods, however, we applied to the Court for an Order that he should furnish some security for our costs, and it was ultimately directed that he should pay £50 into Court for this purpose. Inasmuch as he had been publicly offering to put up £200, it was obvious such an Order did not constitute any hardship upon him—but the £50 never came along, although we allowed him more than double the time given by the Court for its payment. Ultimately we decided to take steps to have the action dismissed, and, upon giving notice to this effect to Johnson's solicitors, we were informed that "they no longer acted for him"! Thereupon we applied to the Court for the final dismissal of the action, and on the 10th of the present month such Order was made. So ended the action for libel.

The Incriminating Document.

We do not propose to reiterate all the damning evidence which we produced in July, but it may be as well to allow the public to see the incriminating document, with not only Jack Johnson's signature but, in his own handwriting, a postscript which would have put him entirely out of court, and which proves his guilt up to the hilt. We reproduce it now.



MATCH JOHNSON-MORAN POUR LE CHAMPIONNAT DU MONDE

June 27th. 1914

I hereby agree to devide of receipts of my contest with Frank Moran on June 27th on a basis of forty percent to Moran and sixty percent to me provided that Frank Moran loose inside of eight rounds

Jack Johnson after fight must return this receipt

Johnson's Future.

In view of the above facts, it is obvious that no boxing authority in England, France or America can in future allow Johnson to enter the ring. He stands self-condemned as a crook and a swindler, having signed his own professional death-warrant—and we repeat the advice we have already given him, that if he is wise he will forthwith "quit." Let us repeat, also, that we have not been animated by any racial or colour prejudice. When the *Daily News* and other "goody-goody" journals were attacking the negro in August, 1913, we published a special article pleading for fair play and protesting against the cant of certain clergymen and others who were endeavouring to keep a brilliant boxer out of the ring upon the grounds of "Christian sentiment," and also pointing out that he had not been proved guilty of any offence known to this country, and that so long as he fought fair and square he was entitled to the full benefit of his undoubted abilities as an exponent of the fistic art. We are sorry for his downfall; and provided he now acts like a sensible man and clears out of the way, we shall certainly not pursue him any further. Having, however, taken a special interest in boxing, and resolved to do our best when the war is over to revive its old prestige, we cannot stand by and see the best traditions of perhaps the oldest English sport degraded and discredited in the eyes of the world—by even its greatest exponent. Colour and race count for nothing in this connection—honour and cleanliness count for everything.

WHOSE FAULT?

BRITISH "HOSPITALITY" TO CANADIAN SOLDIERS.

We have no wish to harass the authorities by ill-timed criticism, but in matters affecting the health and comfort of our troops there are limits to the duty of silent forbearance. We have already had something to say about the conditions prevailing at the Canadian Camp on Salisbury Plain, but our earlier protest has apparently failed to effect any material improvement in the situation. It is especially regrettable that men who have travelled thousands of miles to take their place in the Empire's fighting line should be subjected to every kind of initial hardship, and we are satisfied their complaints are worthy of the most serious attention. They are uttered in no unsoldierly spirit, nor do they betray any unwillingness to face the normal stringencies of war. In the words of a correspondent, "the men did not expect they were coming on a picnic," but they had not bargained for the needless rigours of an ill-regulated training camp. Our friend proceeds :—

> They think it is not fair that they should be kept in England in conditions which may develop sickness, and sap their vitality, and yet be expected to fight at their best on the Continent. Their constant cry is : "We came to help the Old Country ; let us go to the Front, where we expect hardship. The conditions there cannot be much worse, and we shall be doing the work for which we came."

Before long, the good lads will have their dearest wish, but in the meantime no remediable grievance must be permitted to remain. We have been at some pains to ascertain the facts, and are now in possession of a lengthy report from a well-informed correspondent, whose name, for obvious reasons, we are unable to disclose. Its tenor accords with information we have received from other equally reliable sources, and we, therefore, venture upon one or two impressive quotations. Some of the most serious strictures are in regard to sanitary matters. We read :—

> The sanitary arrangements in the camp are disgraceful. There are only two small water taps to supply the needs of a battalion of 1,000 men for washing themselves, and their clothes, and for drinking. The camp is not properly drained and the mud everywhere is ankle-deep.

The remedies hitherto applied seem to have been of the "pill to cure an earthquake" order :—

> They have merely consisted of taking the mud from the centre of the lines, and heaping it up at the sides, where the unwary may get into it almost knee-deep.

We have no precise information as to the average sickness in the camp which might serve as a basis of comparison with similar figures from elsewhere, but there is reason to believe that the conditions described are reacting unfavourably upon the health of the men. Upon this score our correspondent writes :—

> The hospitals, which are inadequate, are already crowded, and the Medical Staff have not enough medicine for the large number of sick men who apply for treatment. It is no uncommon thing for the men to be told, "I'm sorry, but we can do nothing for you." The old-fashioned "sick parade" is also a source of great discomfort. No matter how "seedy" a man may feel, or how bad the weather is, he must parade at the hospital at 7 a.m. and stand, in the open, in a queue, and wait, possibly an hour, before his turn comes for examination . . . . Rheumatism is very prevalent.

There remains the question of diet, although being assured that there is "no shortage of food" we are not disposed to lay undue stress upon this point. We may, however, be permitted to quote the statement of an occupant of the camp with whom we were lately in touch :—

> Tea is served without milk. Butter has never once made its appearance unless the men have purchased it themselves, or some friend has sent a supply. There is the eternal "Mulligan"—beef and potatoes boiled into a stew—which has formed the mid-day meal every day with one exception, when mutton replaced beef in the stew. Those who cannot face the raw tea and the stew have either to live on bread, cheese, and jam, or purchase other food for themselves at exorbitant prices.

Fourpence for a decent-sized glass of milk is instanced as a sample of these extortions. If this price was actually charged at a camp canteen, it is as bad an instance of licensed robbery as we have yet come across in this connection. Space limitations preclude a more exhaustive survey of the main grievances, but we have said enough to justify our demand for searching inquiry.

THOSE ROYAL CARDS!

A MYSTERY FOR MESSRS. TUCK'S SOLUTION.

We recently referred to the German origin of some of the Christmas cards which, presumably, it will be sought to foist upon the unsuspecting British public this season—the Teutonic taint, notably, of some of those of Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons, Ltd., being hardly discernible owing to the microscopic size and imperfection of type of the inscription "Designed in the studios in England and printed at the Fine Art Works in Saxony," or Bavaria.

The public, too, are we believe quite in the dark regarding some of the so-called "Royal" cards. A circular, headed "Royalty and Christmas Cards," contains the following sentences :—"Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons are authorised to state that Their Majesties Queen Mary and Queen Alexandra have, in addition to the order for Christmas cards from the original designs specially procured by Messrs. Tuck for Their Majesties, also placed orders with them for copies of the Royal cards which they have produced for His Majesty the King and His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales." These statements would naturally be interpreted as meaning that Their Majesties order Christmas cards from Messrs. Tuck in the same way as their subjects. We understand, however, that the real state of things is that the firm merely follow the practice of many other traders, by offering their choicest productions to the King and Queen, who accept them. In this way, Messrs. Tuck have submitted a special subject to the Queen, afterwards sending the original card for her Majesty's acceptance—but we have unimpeachable authority for saying that *no orders for these cards have ever been given*. In Messrs. Tuck's literature they claim to be "the largest publishers and producers in this country of entirely British manufactured Christmas cards, calendars, toy books and picture postcards." As our readers are aware, Messrs. Tuck have undoubtedly been doing a very large trade in such articles printed in Saxony and Bavaria, but although it is likely that, now that they are unable to get goods from the country of our enemy, they are giving British workers more of a chance, we cannot help thinking that they interpret the word "producers" rather in the theatrical sense—namely, that of controllers or assemblers. In any event, we think a clear declaration as to the precise nature of the "orders" which they have received from the members of the Reigning House is due from them, and we should be glad to publish any explanation they may care to give.

SMART'S SCHOLASTIC SCHEMES.

WARRINGTON WANGLE AND ITS LIVERPOOL LOOPHOLE.

On September 18th last, Smart and Co. (Warrington and Chester), Ltd., received two guineas for 36 lessons to be given to a youth in their Business Trading College at Warrington. A few weeks afterwards, the Company informed the Registrar at Somerset House that it had never possessed more than three or four pupils at that establishment, that it had no money with which to wind itself up, that its Secretary had resigned on August 7th, his address being unknown, and that only one director remained, who had sent in his resignation to take effect on October 19th, after which the Company would have no offices even. About the same time, they wrote stating that they had made arrangements with Messrs. Smart and Co., of 5, Bold Street, Liverpool, to take over the pupil for a period of one month, free of any extra charge. In a postscript it was added that the fees at the substituted school were four times as much as those at Warrington, and that the Liverpool College was "in no way connected" with the latter business. It was, naturally, protested that the pupil would be obliged to travel to Liverpool, but no satisfaction could be obtained. As a matter of fact, the Liverpool firm does not charge a penny more for lessons than did the Warrington concern ; indeed, the type for the prospectus issued by the one was actually used for the other, the only alteration being in the title! It is an unmitigated lie for the Warrington "Company" to state that it is in no way connected with "Smart and Co. (B.T.C.), Ltd.," of 5, Bold Street, Liverpool, also a private company.

Send him and her a "John Bull" Fountain Pen—Coupon on page ii. of cover.

GOSNELL'S GUMPTION.

CHEMISTS DISCOVER PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

Prominent among the agencies which have helped to build up the British Empire and to maintain it in majesty and might are Messrs. John Gosnell and Co., Limited, of Blackfriars Road, London, S.E. This assertion is a matter of historic fact—for, having outlined a high-souled patriotic scheme, to which in a moment we will try to do justice, Messrs. Gosnell announce :—

> It is fitting that the firm of J. Gosnell and Co., Ltd., should be associated with the splendid plan outlined above. As British manufacturers and British citizens, the firm have stood with their country through all its wars of the last 150 years, and have felt the thrill of Trafalgar and Waterloo, Copenhagen and Balaclava.

While dynasties crumbled, and empires tottered, Gosnell's manfully "stood by" in the Blackfriars Road. Like a classic warrior, they kept watch and ward over the City bridge, and, since truth will out in spite of heroism, filled in the time by making soap, tooth paste, and lavender water to scour and scent the scions of a warlike race.

So much for Messrs. Gosnell's place in history. They st... stand by" in the old, familiar spot, intent not merely u on the prosaic concerns of trade, but aflame as of yore with white patriotic heat. The firm now make their appeal, not to the deadened faculties of adult cynicism, but to the fresh susceptibilities of childhood. For the nonce, the commercial entity known to successive generations as John Gosnell and Company, Limited, assumes the genial human guise of "Uncle John." Touched to tears, we read :

> I know every boy would like to be a soldier or a sailor, and every girl would simply love to be a nurse, but you are not old enough for that. Still, you must do something. You can. I have a right royal plan for you.

The inspired scheme is divulged in a phrase, "Every boy and girl in the British Empire should join the Khaki Crown Crusade," and assist "Uncle John" to "help the Red Cross Society." *Voila tout!* Let no little boy or girl be shy. The "splendid plan" is simplicity itself. It is as easy as eating jam. Let "Uncle John" explain :—

> What you do is simply to persuade your father to use Gosnell's Shaving Soap for his morning shave, or Gosnell's famous Cherry Tooth Paste to keep his teeth white.

And if father doesn't take it kindly, or even says harsh things about the Khaki Crown Crusade,

> Then ask your mother to give up German Eau-de-Cologne and to try, etc., etc.

There you are. Leave the rest to "Uncle John." On each purchase there is a penny or halfpenny Khaki Crown Subscription Stamp, and when you have saved up a shilling's worth of these, Messrs. Gosnell and Co. will send you a pretty badge and "send an actual shilling for you to the British Red Cross Society." No comment of ours could enhance the beauty of the plan. To commend it would be akin to painting the lily or gilding refined gold. What more can we say than to agree with "Uncle John" that it is "lovely and pleasing"? It is, indeed, "fitting" that a firm of manufacturing chemists should have discovered the philosopher's stone, at whose magic touch patriotism, charity and business melt into one harmonious whole.

PAMPERED PRISONERS.

COLONEL CHOLMONDELEY'S COMFORTS CONCERT.

While the lot of our own poor fellows in the hands of the Germans is of the harshest—receiving, in the words of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, "rigorous treatment, being allowed only what is necessary to actual existence; nothing in the shape of a refined way of living is permitted"—our interned enemies are pampered. We have before us an advertisement of a concert by the prisoners of war at Abbey Wood, Shrewsbury, on December 17th, tickets 3s, and 2s. 6d. each. Colonel Cholmondeley, the Commandant, whose name appears on the bill as having given permission for the entertainment, tells the public that after deducting expenses the proceeds will be applied to purchase "comforts." We do not know the powers vested in a Prisoners' of War Commandant, but we certainly think they should not include running a show and charging for admittance in order to obtain "comforts" for his charges—nowhere in Germany would such a proceeding be tolerated.

A SPOUSE FOR SIXPENCE.

COLLINGWOOD'S CHEAP CONTRACTS.

Mr. W. H. Collingwood, editor and proprietor of the *Matrimonial Circle*, whose headquarters are at 18, Hogarth Road, Earl's Court, S.W., offers, through the medium of the advertisement columns of the press, to assist those in search of soul mates. But, first, you must send him sixpence. In return, you will receive a copy of the *Matrimonial Circle*, a small folder containing a few paragraphs of editorial encouragement and advice, and a large number of advertisements of eligible mates. The booklet is accompanied by a "Private and Confidential" letter from the kindly Mr. Collingwood, together with an "enquiry form." "If you are in earnest and want a wife," he says, "I am in a position to introduce you to the kind of lady you wish to know. Pardon my saying 'in earnest' as I wish all applicants to know this business is not conducted on anything but straightforward business principles." There is no foolish romance, no silly sentimentality about that. As advocates of a Business Government, we cannot logically take exception to business principles as applied to the important matter of matrimony. "I will make you a plain, straightforward, businesslike proposition," proceeds Mr. Collingwood. "Fill in the form enclosed and return same to me with remittance for One Guinea (21s.), my inclusive charge until you are suited, when you are to pay me another One Guinea (21s.) .... Inasmuch as other matrimonial journals, and there are very few with any reputation, charge Ten Guineas and none less than Five Guineas, my offer is extremely moderate." A true word; but Mr. Collingwood's consideration goes even further than that. Realising that bachelors, seeking through the medium of a matrimonial agent wives with money, are likely to be hard up, he adds, in the form of a postscript. "If you like send only 10s. 6d. now if you promise another 10s. 6d. in *a month*, leaving only 21s. to pay when suited." Who would not sport half a guinea on the chance of meeting that (*vide* advert.).

> Young LADY, of good family, well educated and accomplished (who) wishes to meet a gentleman, in every sense of the word, who would appreciate a lovable and beautiful woman?

No bachelor worth his salt, surely; more especially as Mr. Collingwood concludes with the following comforting words : "I am con..dent that if you accept my terms a satisfactory alliance will be arranged." Mr. Collingwood's services in the cause of Hymen are, we hope, appreciated at their true value by those whom he has been instrumental in leading to the altar. They know what that value is by now. May we suggest his opening a Divorce Bureau, as a sort of side line? Run on the same moderate terms, we have reason to believe he would do a roaring trade.

HUCKER HUFFED.

CONSPICUOUS GALLA TRY IN ACTION.

This is not a record of bravery in the field, but a plain tale, originally and recently unfolded at the Westminster Police Court, of the doughty deed of one Hucker, of Kennington Road. He is a sewing machine agent, and seven years ago he sold to an elderly woman living in Lambeth a sewing machine on the hire-purchase system; the price thereof being £10 10s. For seven long years the old lady kept up her small weekly payments, until £10 had been paid, leaving a balance of 9s. 3d. Then sickness fell upon her. She was "laid up with her eyes"; the machine, her principal means of existence, stood idle; and her two married, soldier sons, who enlisted in August, were no longer able to allow her the 1s. per week which hitherto it had been their filial custom to do. But the sewing machine did not long stand idle. Hucker, of Kennington Road, saw to that. Making his appearance at that humble and distressed home, he demanded 9s. 3d. He demanded the impossible. Nothing daunted, he seized the sewing machine and carried it forcibly away. But he reckoned without Mr. Francis, the Westminster magistrate, who, when the facts of the case were laid before him, arranged the return of the machine and the acceptance of 2s. 6d. per month in settlement of the outstanding paltry balance. Hucker's was a deed whose fame we would not willingly let die. Would that we might present him with a red-hot Iron Cross!

"Mary Bull," the ideal paper for the Home. Buy it now, 1d.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY "THE BOW-WOW."

• A CATARRH STROPHE •

The Kaiser summoned to his couch
The Kron Prinz, urgently;
For what there happened, who can vouch?
The *artist* can, I see.

"STURDEE, BOYS, STURDEE!".

A sturdy fight all Britons love,
Nor grudge the victor's meed;
Was not the action sketched above
A Sturdee fight indeed?

• BOTHA'S BIG BIFF •

The tortoise of Rebellion
Thrust out its head too quick:
'Twas just what Botha reckoned on,
And gave it *such* a lick!

• XMAS GIFTS FOR TOMMY •

To Tommy parcels go galore
To make his Christmas bright;
The more we do for him, the more
He'll conquer in the fight.

• CARRY ON •

Let all who *can* buy as of old
This Christmastide, for fear
Hands and assistants in the cold
Should find themselves next year.

• BUILDING BOATS •

Sam thinks it time to build a fleet,
And for more men to press;
He doesn't mean to risk defeat,
In which he's wise, I guess.

ARCHBISHOP AND ATTILA.

WHY NOT A WHIMPER FOR THE HEAD LANDLORD OF HELL?

Several high dignitaries of the Church have ruled that no man who has passed through college and donned the raiment of the preacher may go to the front and fight for his country. If we accept this regulation, we must also agree with the dictum that the clergy should keep their lips closed on all matters political. Their job is to save souls, not to teach politics. Now we have an archbishop lamenting over the personal attacks made on the Kaiser, father of a royal burglar and chief engineer of one of the most dirtily-conducted, murderous wars ever waged since the days of the Old Testament. We may point out that, since the campaign began, nothing has been written by any responsible British paper that could be regarded as "vulgar abuse" of his dear friend, the chief Hun. If he really wants to study vulgar abuse, he must purchase files of the German papers, and having made the study, he might do worse than read the Reports of the Commissions that have inquired into the treatment by the Kaiser's men of the vanquished. German officers or soldiers have declared that they simply acted on the orders of their august Kaiser: wherefore we may expect our hierarchy to rebuke us if, in future, we make remarks against the honour, patriotism, or good intentions of the horned and hoofed gentleman who is popularly supposed to be the landlord of Hell—and who is said to be not so black as he is painted.

WHY I DON'T.

BY ONE OF THE WONT'S.

Said Bertie Fitz-Brown, as he sat by the fire:
"This war is so bad that it rouses my ire!
In vain I endeavour my feelings to smother,
I'd go and enlist—if it wasn't for Mother.

"The Pater as well is dead-nuts against war,
He can't understand what the deuce it is for;
If *I* went away there would be a palaver,
But I'd certainly go—if it wasn't for Father.

"My Brother's a curate, an orator grand,
He preaches from pulpit, and platform, and stand;
He tells us how 'foes' ought to love one another,
I would be in the ranks—if it wasn't for Brother.

"My Sister has knitted wool socks by the score,
She says she will 'Die' if she makes one pair more;
I'd have to take socks, or my poor feet would blister;
So I'd go to the front—if it wasn't for Sister.

"My *fiancée*, I know, is afraid of a gun,
She would jilt me at once if I dared shoulder one,
My life, which is full of enjoyment so jolly,
I'd gladly give up—if it wasn't for Molly."

* * *

If Bertie would only the honest truth tell,
The "Man in the Street" understands very well
That Bertie is only a silly young elf,
Who will not enlist—on account of HIMSELF! G. S.

"John Bull" insures you against Air Raids FREE. See page 27.

TOMMY'S TROUBLES.

MATTERS MILITARY OF THE MOMENT.

By almost every post we get letters from soldiers making complaints with reference to their conditions of service. Many of them require the attention of the military authorities, and in the hope of securing it we give a few of the "growls" received in one day.

A trooper in the Warwickshire Yeomanry tells us that his friends sent him a parcel containing, amongst other things, warm fleecy underwear. The parcel, before reaching him, had been opened, and the garments extracted. As all his efforts to trace the things have failed, he asks us to "tell the blighter through your columns that he is a rotten tyke." We are glad to perform this little service.

Several non-commissioned officers and old soldiers who have seen service in South Africa, and have responded again to their country's call, wish to know why it is that young striplings are selected for promotion over their heads. One veteran with two medals and five bars complains that, although he has been three months enlisted, and requested his commanding officer to allow him to join a unit proceeding to the front, he is refused. His special work during the last five weeks has been scrubbing tables and forms. Unfortunately we are unable to give our friends any other answer except that the War Office moves in a mysterious way its wonders to perform.

Two soldiers stationed at Shorncliffe wish us to "play hell" with a certain ticket inspector of the South Eastern Railway, who refused to allow them to pass through the barrier because the return halves of their tickets were dirty. The men missed their train, and had to interview the station-master. They now wish to know if we think the inspector is a White Man. What say our readers?

Lost Letters and Parcels.

Growls from men in the actual fighting line are few and far between—not because they have not the opportunity of writing us, but because, when before the enemy, the soldier realises he is expected to put up with circumstances such as he meets. Practically the only complaint from the Front is of the non-receipt of letters and parcels from loved ones at home—and here is a grievance of first-rate importance which the authorities would do well to rectify at once. From inquiries we have made, it appears that in the earlier stages of the war the staff of the Field Post Office was quite adequate, and the men got their letters and parcels regularly; but now that the correspondence is enormously increased, there are not enough to deal with it. One of the staff writes on November 9th:—

> Yesterday (Sunday) we were called up at 4 a.m., and ordered to parade at 5 a.m. We finished at 10.5 p.m. We deal with 12,000 parcels a day, and as the sorting is very intricate, practically every parcel and letter having to be checked, you will understand what an enormous affair this is. Really, people outside cannot appreciate the difficulties we have to contend with. You have mails for a battalion at one place on Monday, and on Tuesday they are perhaps thirty or forty miles away, having been moved by rail to strengthen another position. The work is too complicated to explain in a letter.

Obviously the number of sorters should be increased.

Several soldiers billeted at Southport complain about an officer whom they style "The Bantam Cock." They have some things to say about him which we think had better be left to the imagination of our readers—the mildest term being that he is a bounder. These Tommies all swear that, if the tyranny he practises over them does not soon come to an end, there will be mutiny. We hope "Bantam Cock" will take the tip.

A Warning.

One of our many soldier readers in France sends us a long, cheerful and interesting letter descriptive of happenings in a certain district. In the course of his letter, the name of a certain officer is mentioned—the rank of the officer only is left standing, the surname being blacked out. The sequel is in this footnote, in an educated hand:—

> To Editor, *John Bull*.
>
> As I have to censor this letter, modesty forbids me to allow my name to appear in print.

Then follows the initials of the censor. Really our friend cannot be too careful! Anyhow, this censor seems to be a sport.

DULCET DUNS.

A "WOLFF" IN LAMBLIKE MOOD.

In a recent issue we expressed some curiosity as to the affairs of a firm lately trading as Messrs. Hausmann and Wolff, manufacturers and importers, of Bunhill Row, E.C. It may be remembered that in October last Mr. Wolff assumed sole liability for the operations of the firm, issuing a notice to his customers in the following terms:—

> Owing to the numerous inquiries as to the constitution of the firm, and in order to obviate the necessity for dealing with such inquiries individually in the future, I beg to inform you that I am the Sole Proprietor of the firm, and that the late Mr. Hausmann died in the year 1909.

After this somewhat belated announcement of the demise of his senior partner, Mr. Wolff went on to declare that for five years past he had "not directly or indirectly held any interest in any factory or concern in Germany or Austria." In view of this sweeping statement, we invited Mr. Wolff to explain our possession of a letter heading of the firm, dated July 24th of this year, giving the address of their "Berlin House:—88, Kommandantenstr," and stating that their factories were at Berlin and Halle. Up till now we have received no satisfactory reply to our challenge. Strange as it may appear as recently as November last we find him using note headings upon which the old German title of his firm grins through two thin lines of erasure beneath the "Henry Wolff and Co." of the new dispensation. This may, of course, be candour, but it is scarcely business, and we assure Mr. Wolff that many people, including several of his customers, are still haunted by the shades of the departed Hausmann of Teutonic memory. To expose constantly his ghost in this way to the irreverent gaze of suspicious traders is neither decent nor discreet. If the man is really dead, the least his surviving partner can do is—we speak figuratively—to bury him decently out of sight. Meanwhile we notice that Mr. Wolff, perhaps chastened by our earlier notice, has imported into his correspondence a degree of amiability and forbearance which does him much credit. Addressing British customers he still "expects cheques," but there is no note of aggression in his appeals. Their wording is as butter in the mouth. He will be glad if one debtor "can see his way to clear," while concerning another he pensively wonders if "you have overlooked the fact that the goods were delivered in May." Never a hint of "final notices," "hands of our solicitors," "legal proceedings," or any other of the normal means of financial pressure. In a matter of £20 odd, outstanding since early this year, the firm are merely "anxious to avoid unpleasant correspondence." No sucking dove could roar more gently. It is as though the robust outlook of Henry Wolff and Co. were "sicklied o'er with the pale cast"—of the late lamented Hausmann. Meanwhile, should Mr. Wolff desire to clear up that little point about the German factories, or to place any other information at our disposal, we are still to be found at the sign of John Bull.

ALIENS IN THE POST OFFICE.

"NO FURTHER ACTION TO BE TAKEN AT PRESENT."

The following correspondence illustrates the official way of dealing with the subject of aliens in our postal service. A reader recently wrote to the Brighton Postmaster:—

> In the process of removal of "the enemy in our midst," the aliens in the Post Office appear to have been overlooked. There is in the Post Office at ——— a girl named ———, whose father, I believe, is at the present time in a concentration camp. It seems to me a most dangerous position for a person to be in, having regard to the messages that may be in transmission in connection with the military camps in the neighbourhood.

And this was the reply, received ten days later:—

> With reference to your letter of the 9th November, regarding the employment of Miss ——— at the ——— Post Office, which has been submitted to the Postmaster General, I am directed to inform you that Miss ——— is of German extraction, and that after making careful enquiry concerning her, he does not propose to take any further action at present.

For aught we know, the young lady may be a most loyal and capable officer—but!

Another "Bullets" Xmas offer! Including 100 special EXTRA £1 prizes. See page 28.

ALLIES TOYS—ALL LIES.

A "VAUGHANING" AGAINST BRIGHTON CHEAP-JACKS.

One of our readers has speculated a shilling (together with 2d. for postage) in ordering from the Allies' Toy Co., The Mail Order House, Brighton, their "Christmas package of 100 toys," which they advertised in the Press. This is a list of the articles he received :—

58 cards, bearing blotchy coloured illustrations.
24 pieces of card-board, in size from 2¼ ins. by ¾ ins., downwards.
10 common and badly printed paper flags.
22 tiny squibs.
2 whistles, like those found in the commonest crackers.
1 paper balloon to blow out.
1 small piece of tin, in the shape of a saucer.

According to the advertisement, the purchaser ought to have received articles thus described :—

These 100 Toys will cover the table and set the kiddies' eyes aglow with wildly happy excitement. And not only the kiddies, but everyone else will be fascinated by the endless variety of the fine fun that this Christmas Package will unfold.

Open up the Package—What do we find? The Armies of the Allies in their proper uniforms. First there are Three Great Forts with Four Siege Guns peeping from the yawning ports of each—12 guns in all. Next come Three Armoured Cars with Quick-firing Guns. Then follows a Battery of Three Royal Field Artillery Guns, each drawn by 6 horses at full gallop. There are also Detachments of British Infantry, Maxim Gunners, Highlanders, Sharp-shooters taking lying-down shots. Buglers next appear upon the scene, and their "Call to Arms" is answered by the fierce Indian Troops, whilst tearing along come Lancers and Cossacks on their beautiful horses.

BOOM!—OOM!— The "Jack Johnson" great German Gun is at work. First 25 harmless shells explode with a bang, then the Red Cross Nurses and their white Tents appear on the scene to deal with the wounded. And now the whole of your table is transformed into an excitingly realistic battlefield. You survey the battlefield like a Field Marshal of the Allied Forces. You exercise your strategy and move Infantry here and order Cavalry there. Watch the faces of the lads and lasses as they follow the fortunes of the field. Eyes grow wide with wonder, shrieks of delight burst forth as the German Forts fall before the Allies' attack, and the Flags of Victory are hoisted on all parts of the battlefield. This 100 Christmas Toys Package is the biggest Xmas Bargain ever offered. It is not a toy for one; it is a whole Army of 100 Toys at the price of one ordinary toy. Don't miss it.

We say without the slightest hesitation that the advertisement from which we cull the above description is so cunningly concocted as to wholly mislead those reading it. The whole thing is an absolute and deliberate fraud, and should be suppressed at once. The persons who are running this Allies' Toy Co., are the notorious firm of Vaughan and Heather, Ltd., whose dilatory methods are notorious.

HORNLESS HARMONY.

PROFESSIONAL SON TO RETURN—AFTER DOING BUSINESS.

We are not lovers of the talking and singing machine, but if anybody hankers after a harmony-maker of the hornless sort—a "massive inlaid table grand gramophone" (*sic*)—he can, according to advertisement, procure it from one Scott, 110, Uxbridge Road, Shepherd's Bush. A reader who had purchased one of these machines without horns brought it to Long Acre, with a complaint. We sent a representative to the Uxbridge Road establishment, and he found the place to be a small sweetstuff shop, where a Mr. Scott, of 47, Richmond Gardens, in the same neighbourhood, has a mail address. Proceeding thither, he discovered that the advertiser is, according to himself, a member of "the" profession, just back from a tour. He was "going home to the country for a few months to rest"—a happy word of unappreciated thespians—and had been asked not to bring his gramophone, as they already had one under the ancestral roof. How many "massive inlaid hornless grands, almost new, wonderful tone, must sell, 75s. with records" has Mr. Scott sold, and how many kind-hearted people have been moved by his "want to get home to mamma" story, to help him by purchasing his hornless harmony hiccuper?

BEAUTY AND BUNKUM.

MISS GLADYS COOPER IN A NEW FARCE.

At the request of the manufacturers of Pilenta Soap, Miss Gladys Cooper, the famous actress, has "contributed" what is stated to be "an interesting article on beauty culture," and that article is published as an advertisement in a well-known magazine. It is said to have been written by Miss Cooper, and at any rate bears a reproduction of her signature and of one of her photographs.

The popular actress states that she has been asked to give a few simple recipes she knows, either through personal use or by observation, to be valuable to the toilet. Immediately afterwards, she admits that she does not suffer from the ailments or troubles enumerated, but that some people who are not so fortunate had told her their experiences, and that with "your permission" (we presume she is addressing the manufacturers of Pilenta Soap) she will set forth a few remedies which some people have found to be efficacious. We are then told that for complexion renewals she is informed that "there is nothing so good as pure ——," that some of her friends "make the cunningest sort of curls" by using liquid ——, and that she is informed that most women do not know how to use——. A simple remedy for dandruff is pure extract of ——, mixed with bay rum; that a real old grandmother formula for grey hair, so she learns, consists of one ounce of concentrate of ——; and further down she puffs in a similar manner, as hints from her friends, some more concoctions. Although introduced in a manner implying that they are standard preparations included in the British Pharmacopœia, these nostrums are, as a matter of fact, proprietary articles sold to the public by the makers—who are, of course, responsible for the advertisement which poses as an article—at exorbitant prices.

Miss Cooper is very careful not to say one word in favour of these aids to beauty on her own account; but we put it to her that she is not doing justice to herself and to her reputation by championing, even in an indirect fashion the cause of these nostrums. No pains taken to make it clear that her own good looks owe nothing to these "beautifiers" will prevent people being induced to purchase these things, because "the popular London Star favours simple methods"—the latter being those we have mentioned—or fail to believe that the heading of her "interesting article"—"Miss Gladys Cooper explains some Beauty Secrets"—means that she personally vouches for their efficacy.

We put it to Miss Cooper that she has given her name and photograph to the manufacturers of Pilenta Soap (about which, by the way, she and her friends appear to have no opinion—good, bad or indifferent) in order that they may sell their "aids to beauty," that the "interesting article" was prepared for her by these manufacturers, that she has received remuneration for so lending her name, and that none of her personal friends has given her any of the information which the article states she has received from them. If we are mistaken in our view, Miss Cooper will, no doubt, furnish us with their names and addresses, and explain to us exactly what are her business relations with "the manufacturers of Pilenta Soap," and who really wrote the article signed by her.

We may add that all the nostrums mentioned in the article have been puffed for years by the manufacturers in various ways one method in particular being much favoured by them—namely, to insert, under the names of doctors and beauty specialists, bogus answers to mythical correspondents in American and British newspapers.

1/- NET A CHEERY GLEAM FOR XMAS 1/- NET
NOW ON SALE
Winter's Pie
BUY IT! READ IT!
Then send it on to your relations or friends at the Front, Camp, or Hospital
ALWAYS MERRY AND BRIGHT.

Cash for Football Skill—£1,000 for a Coupon. Last chance. See page 27.

THE TRUTH—DAMN THE CONSEQUENCES!

BY A. G. HALES.

The time has come when the nation must have the truth, and damn the consequences. Did the people whimper when it was known that we had been beaten in a naval engagement off the coast of Chili? They did not even murmur; they just clenched their jaws and waited, knowing that the Navy, like the Army, would justify its high renown. And they had not long to wait; our sailors soon avenged that lost battle, and sent the erstwhile victors to the bottom of the sea. A great nation is never so really great as when beset by difficulties; that is the supreme test of pluck, patience and breeding. The sterner the struggle, the stronger and more steadfast a virile people becomes, as our history proves. During the early days of this war Britain was fed on pap by the authorities, until the public gorge rose, and the clamour has at length compelled the lifting of the veil to some slight extent, but even now the official reports read as if they were machine-made; they are mostly lifeless, bloodless shadows of epoch-making events. It is not wise to publish too much information in war-time; it is at no stage of a campaign expedient to publish the movements of armies or navies, but it is criminal folly to shroud the doings of men in the field with a veil of mystery; by so doing the authorities freeze the nation's ardour and prevent thousands from flocking to the colours.

TELL THEM OF TOMMY.

It is the everyday life of our soldiers in the fighting line that their friends at home want to hear about; it is that and only that which will bring men in millions to the colours. Every man in the battle line has left a little world behind him, a world made up of pals and relations, and that little world wants to know how he lives, how he fights, how he dies.

PUT A STOP TO SLANDER.

Letters are coming from the front alleging that comforts sent out by the public to our fighting men are being converted into cash by harpies who do not scruple to batten on our bravest. That statement is true, or it is a most damnable lie. Let us not mince phrases; the subject is too serious for that. If it is false, the writers of these letters ought to be whipped; if it is true, Kitchener ought to shoot the culprits. I am in no position to say whether our soldiers are being robbed or not, but if I were permitted to go to the front, I would soon find out; someone ought to find out and tell the truth, and damn the consequences.

We don't want to wait until the war is over, and then say our soldiers, both officers and men, should have been treated better; we don't want post-mortem justice. We want to say and *do* things now. It is our duty to protect our fighters, and this can best be done by keeping the Army in the limelight without ever mentioning strategy. Limelight is wanted on this most vital subject, and I ask: Are our soldiers getting the tobacco, cigarettes, socks and the hundred-and-one comforts a big-hearted public has been sending out so freely—and if not, why not?

KITCHENER, THE MAN OF IRON.

I yield to no man living in my reverence for Lord Kitchener, the iron-lipped soldier. I think he is the ablest soldier on this planet, the last man to be swayed to right or left by praise or blame, and I do not believe he is responsible for the wholesale muzzling of the Press that existed until the last few days. He is being made, in the eyes of the general public, a scapegoat, and it is not the first time in his wonderful career that he has had to carry the cross for a bumptious Barabbas. But he locks his lips and goes on. That is why the nation trusts him above all men in its hour of crisis. I believe if he had his way, he would let correspondents who were game enough to risk their lives go into the battle line and write what they saw, within reasonable limits. But he has all a soldier's contempt for the "rice puddings in pants" who are content to remain miles away from danger and pick up lying rumours, which they dish up as "news."

THE KILLING OF RECRUITING.

Whilst we are out after truth, we might as well have it without even a fig-leaf. This is the richest nation in the world, yet the Chancellor of the Exchequer made his first war tax fall on the cup of tea the soldier's wife drinks, and the glass of beer that every embryo soldier loves. One would think there are no great estates, no great mines, no vast fortunes to be taxed. First comes the blood tax on the rank and file of the nation. They paid it, and are paying it, magnificently. Then comes the tea of the women, the beer of the men, and next, I suppose, a tax on the wages of the workers. . . . The fools—if they do *that*, recruiting will fall to zero. First let members of the Government cut their own salaries down to a £1,000 per annum, cut down the judges' and all other highly-paid officials' to a war footing of £1,000 a year, before they touch the wage-earner's hard-earned dole. Let the bishops cut down their princely salaries and turn the many empty churches into useful hospitals for wounded

PAY OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS BETTER.

The pay given to officers, especially youngsters in training, is not sufficient to keep them out of debt. They may be able to live on this when on active service; they cannot live on it in England, and those who leave wives behind, leave them to genteel misery. What is this democratic Government driving at? Is it the intention to keep commissions in the hands mainly of the young men who have wealthy fathers or maiden aunts? Are they trying to starve out the fine young fellows of brains, pluck and enterprise, who have nothing to live on but their pay? We want the best, and only the best to hold commissions, and we should be prepared to pay for brains in the Army as we pay for them in law and commerce. If we do not pay well, we cannot expect to get the best, and only the best will do to lead our lion-like army in action, and we can get the money without sneak-thieving from the women's tea-caddy or the workmen's maltpot.

PAY THE SOLDIERS DECENTLY.

We want three million soldiers in the field to beat the German to his knees, and we will have to get them. We could get the number in a month, if we paid our soldiers as they deserve to be paid. If a British soldier is not worth a pound per week, clear of all expenses, at a time like this, in God's name what *is* he worth? If *he* is not worth it, *who* is? He is fighting for the nation's honour, but not for honour alone; he is fighting for the nation's *property*, and he doesn't own much of it, as a rule. He is fighting to keep jobs open for himself when the battles are over, and he is fighting to keep an invading army from *your* mines, *your* farms, *your* mansions and magnificent estates, *your* racing studs and racecourses, *your* wealth-producing factories, *your* game preserves, *your* real estate in cities. Think of all this before you ask more of his kind to throw up jobs in offices, mines, workshops and factories, and when you have thought it all out, say if you begrudge him a pound per week, clear of all levies, to keep his woman whilst he is away. If you do, let me say I have caught bigger and better game than you with a toothcomb.

Have you got your "John Bull" British Citizenship Badge? See page 13.

MONEY NEVER COMMANDED BETTER VALUE

SOMERVILLE'S

Scotch Whisky

The finest that Scotland can produce.

As supplied to the House of Lords, the Treasury and other Government Offices.

Direct from Scotland at Wholesale Prices.

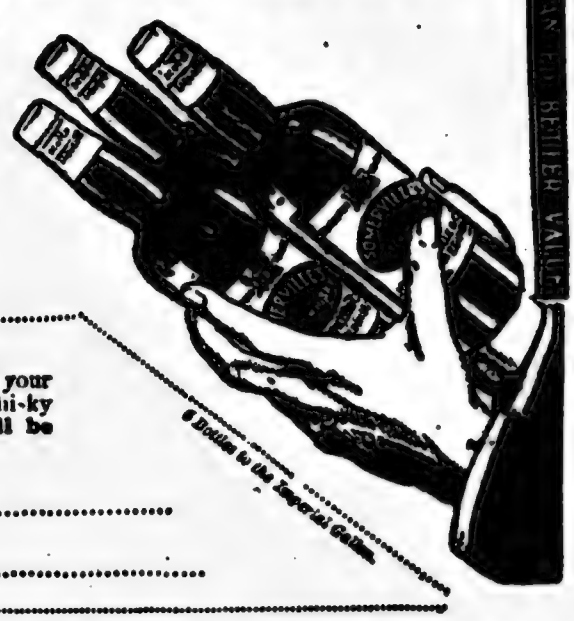
These Whiskies are the very finest that Scotland produces. Whisky to be good must be old. Why accept vague or indefinite statements as to age? Packing Free. Special Terms for large orders. The Guaranteed Age is given with every bottle.

GUARANTEED AGES.	Carriage paid to your railway station. 12 BOTTLES.	6 BOTTLES.	POST FREE. 3 BOTTLES.
21 Years Old	66/-	33/6	17/-
15 Years Old	58/-	29/6	15/-
10 Years Old	48/-	24/6	12/6
6 Year Old	42/-	21/6	11/-
4 Years Old	36/-	18/6	9/6

Fill up this Order Form and post to us with your remittance TO-DAY or cut it out and preserve it for future use.

YOU RUN NO RISK—
OUR GUARANTEE KEEPS YOU SAFE.

Established 1826.



To Messrs. John Somerville & Co., Ltd., Craigmillar, Edinburgh.

I enclose remittance value.....for which please send me.....of your Specially selected Fully Guaranteed ..... Years old Scotch Whisky on condition that if it is not the finest I have ever tasted at the price I shall be entitled to have my money refunded.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

"J.B." 19/12/14.

SOMERVILLE'S "ABBOT" RUM PUNCH 38/- PER DOZ. *(Carriage Paid)*
SOMERVILLE'S PURE WEST INDIAN LIME JUICE CORDIAL 12/- PER DOZ. *(Carriage Paid)*

Extract from a letter received from a Rifleman at the Front:—

"I am pleased to notice that a "lot of our fellows are having "Milkmaid Cafe au Lait and "Cocoa and Milk sent them by "their people, and it is much "appreciated owing to the ease with "which it is made. IT IS JUST "IDEAL for the trenches, and "indeed, no matter where we are, "it is absolutely a great asset to "our haversacks."

MILKMAID BRAND
Café au Lait
READY FOR USE

A wonderfully sustaining and stimulating beverage made from the finest coffee and richest dairy milk with refined sugar added. Prepared in a moment with hot water only, and far more economical than even the cheapest coffee made in the ordinary way.

Sold in 5½d. and 10d. tins by all Grocers and Stores. Large Sample Tin sent free on receipt of name and address of Grocer and 2d. stamps for postage.

Milkmaid Brand Cocoa and Milk is a companion article for those who prefer cocoa. In 6d. and 7d. tins

"MILKMAID B AND."
D.P. Depot,
64, Eastcheap, LONDON.
E.C.

THE "JOHN BULL" BRITISH CITIZENSHIP BADGE

"CIVIS BRITANNICUS SUM."

This beautiful enamel and gilt Badge, showing the Union Jack in correct colours in the centre of an elaborately enamelled circle, bearing the motto in white letters "Civis Britannicus Sum," IS THE ONLY AUTHORISED "JOHN BULL" BADGE. It is the badge every true patriot should wear in his coat—the badge that stands for honour . . . and your country's interest . . .

Price, 1/- Post Free, 1/2.

Each "John Bull" Badge has a rigid button arrangement at the back that keeps it always secure and prevents it from falling out. Also made as a brooch for ladies.

Send to-day for this neatest, handsomest and most perfectly finished emblem ever produced. Simply send a P.O. for 1/2 and address your order to

JOHN BULL'S STORE,
Brownlow House,
51, High Holborn, London, W.C.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

[This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.]

To General Louis Botha, Commander-in-Chief, South African Defence Force.

GALLANT SIR,—By your prompt and effective action against the South African rebels you have won the gratitude of the whole Empire, and I hasten to assure you of my warm appreciation of your work. Not only have you maintained your high military reputation, but by the earnestness and spontaneity of your action you have demonstrated in unmistakable fashion your complete loyalty to the Imperial Flag. When last Great Britain was at war you proved an honourable foe, and now, in the shock of a greater conflict, you have shown yourself a steadfast friend. I am proud to hail you as a fellow subject of the King.

JOHN BULL.

To Vice-Admiral Sir Frederick Sturdee, K.C.B.

GALLANT SIR,—No word of mine can add to the glory of your fine achievement in the South Atlantic, but I cannot remain silent while the country rings with acclamation. Your masterly feat has thrilled the soul of the nation, and it is to be hoped that we shall now hear the last of the craven mutterings which have been audible of late. I voice the sentiments of every sane element in the community when I assure you that our faith in the Fleet is undiminished, and our proud joy in its triumphant achievements has in it no element of surprise. With great respect I beg you to rely upon the steady confidence of the nation, whose imagination has been fired anew by the bravery and prowess of your gallant deeds. By your courtesy, I would convey my hearty congratulations to the officers and men in your distinguished command.

JOHN BULL.

To H. J. Tennant, Esq., M.P., Parliamentary Under-Secretary for War.

DEAR MR. TENNANT,—Without troubling your busy Chief, I am anxious to inquire what arrangements have been made to enable the men of Lord Kitchener's Army, or such of them as can be spared, to spend Christmas—perhaps, in some instances, their last—at home. The question of furlough is obviously one for the military authorities, but I am strongly of opinion that men who are free to visit their friends and relatives should be enabled to travel upon the railways freely, or at materially reduced rates. With the lines more or less under State control there ought to be no difficulty in arranging matters, while as to the cost—well, let that be the nation's Christmas-box to the brave lads who have answered the call. May I consider it done?

JOHN BULL.

To the Head Constable, Police Office, Tipton.

SIR,—If the police treatment of the "poor widow with seven children, who had failed to pay 5s. in connection with a prosecution for the irregular attendance of one of her children at school," is an example of the methods you enforce in your district, permit me to suggest you had better alter them with thoroughness and dispatch. Anything harsher in the circumstances would be difficult to imagine. According to Mr. T. Salter, who brought the matter to the attention of the Education Committee, one of your men knocked up the woman at 3.30 in the morning, and there and then haled her off to gaol. Procedure of the kind might be justified in the case of a suspected murderer or a German spy, but enforced upon a widow struggling with a young family against a world which smiles seldom on its poor, and this as an alternative to the recovery of a fine of a few paltry shillings for a paltry offence, is an atrocity for which there is not a shadow of justification. Mr. Salter himself described it as "a diabolical outrage on humanity," a description which at any rate should serve to convince you of the indignation which the action of your officer has aroused and for which you must be held responsible. I doubt whether, even under a Germhun *regime* in Tipton, the police would have acted in the case with such unconscionable callousness and cruelty.

JOHN BULL.

To the Crown Prince of Germany, Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter.

DEAR WILLIE,—News has just reached me that you have been appointed by the august head of the Berlin butchery business Chief Director of German Shambles in Belgium. This appointment in the West is, I understand, the high Imperial reward for your disastrous failure in the East. Between you and me and the Yser, I must tell you that you will find nothing to loot in the district; not a single chateau, I believe, from which you can steal a grand piano or commandeer silver, gold or precious stones, antique furniture, rare prints, or luscious vintage of the grape. The Imperial heralds inform me that if you fail in this, the grand enterprise of your life, you intend to go into winter quarters—which suggests that the Kaiser, having deluded himself into the belief that he is Napoleon Buonaparte, has persuaded you that you are Julius Cæsar. It seems to me the whole family have gone funny, and my advice to you is that, if you do go into winter quarters, you should find them in a lunatic asylum, and take papa with you.

JOHN BULL.

To the Vicar, Parish Church, Berwick-on-Tweed.

MR. VICAR,—In common with a great many other people, I am astonished—though, knowing your reputation for narrow and enervating ecclesiasticism, perhaps I ought not to be—at your refusal to join in united action with the ministers of other churches in the visitation of the wounded soldiers in Berwick hospitals. I do not think men who have been face to face with death on the red fields of war and who have come home bearing the wounds of their heroism would be much benefited by the ministrations of so de-Christianising a gospeller, and you are better out of the arrangements; the visits will, I presume, go on without you, and will thereby lose nothing of their value and nothing of their comfort. You are one of the men of the Church, and yours is one of her minds, I have in view when I speak of the need of a new religion. Ill is the service malignant sectarianism such as yours renders to the one Church which can stand eternal beneath the sun—that Church of Humanity and Love which was built up in the hearts of men by the Galilean shore; its minister without money and without price the noblest gentleman who ever breathed. His was too sweet a spirit, too vast a love for sectarianism, Vicar, and I cannot understand how men professing him Pastor and Pattern can allow bitter hate of spiritual ministrations other than their own to dominate their lives, as it evidently dominates yours. For shame, sir, for shame.

JOHN BULL.

To the Chairman, Chester Magistrates.

DRACONIC SIR,—To fail to produce a motor-cycle licence when asked to do so by an officer of police may, perhaps, be a serious offence, but there is a clear distinction between the case of a rider who possesses no licence at all and that of a man who has absent-mindedly left it at home. The enormity of the latter offence is still further mitigated when the delinquent chances to be a despatch-rider, attached to a quasi-military corps and engaged upon duties closely related to the defence of the country. This was the position of John Thornton of the Liverpool Cycle Corps, who was recently pulled up by a Chester constable while "riding practically on his Majesty's service." In these circumstances, I cannot help thinking that the fine of five shillings and costs imposed by the Chester justices was somewhat excessive. The defendant might well have been discharged with the customary caution, or at least upon payment of a nominal penalty.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Reginald McKenna, M.P., Home Secretary.

DEAR MR. MCKENNA,—You seem to have wholly misjudged the temper of the nation in this very vital matter of the spy peril. I assure you that the public will be content with nothing short of the internment of all enemy aliens of fighting age, for the period of the war. They will further demand the stringent surveillance of naturalised subjects of German and Austrian birth, with arrest and confinement upon the least suspicion. Do pull yourself together!

JOHN BULL.

Have you got your "John Bull" British Citizenship Badge? See page 13.

A STUDY IN NEUTRALITY.

"Here the heart
May give a useful lesson to the head,
And *Wisdom* wiser grow without his books."

COWPER.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—."

IMMEDIATE HELP FOR DEPENDENTS OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

The object of our present Fund is to afford immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors now fighting for their country, and who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are at present stranded for want of money. We do not trouble ourselves about marriage or birth certificates, or clergymen's references, or anything of that kind; but wherever we find the dependent of a soldier or sailor in distress, we at once afford temporary relief—giving anything from £1 to £5, according to the circumstances of each case. We also in exceptional instances make grants to civilians suffering from the effects of the war.

The following is a synopsis of typical cases relieved during the past week :—

A National Reservist, called to Colours on outbreak of war, is married, with six children—one grown up and also in Army. Wife is in very poor health. Owing to having to sleep in open and getting wet, he contracted rheumatism; was discharged from Army medically unfit, and is unable to get work.

Married man, joined Kitchener's Army on August 16th. Was inoculated fortnight after, and subsequently transferred to Field Hospital very ill. Also discharged "medically unfit." Arrived home, but is now inmate of a sanatorium, disease being diagnosed as tuberculosis. There is one child.

A reporter on sporting paper left berth to enlist. Married man with three children. Threatened with foreclosure of mortgage on home. We assisted to pay interest in arrear.

Wife of one of Kitchener's recruits. Husband been away three months, but no separation allowance yet received. Seems to have been gross neglect both on part of War Office Pay Department and Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association.

Old Indian non-commissioned officer, speaks three languages, and is writer on Eastern subjects. Left before expiration of time, so no pension. Subsequently had position in Japanese Government service three years, but contracted blood poisoning, chronic asthma following. Wife and three children. Wife at present making solders' shirts. Considers it good week when she can earn 10s. to 12s. The man has been promised work early in the new year, when abnormal trade conditions are expected to disappear.

"Unofficial" wife of Northumberland miner. Husband enlisted, but when on furlough overstayed his leave, being arrested as a deserter and getting 12 months' imprisonment. Allowance stopped and the poor woman and child left destitute.

Ex-non-commissioned officer, called up as National Reservist, left wife and two children. Separation allowance paid quite correctly up to October 20th, but then suddenly ceased for some unexplained reason. Man, despairing of being able to get satisfaction from military authorities, wrote us to help wife and family, which we, of course, did.

Traveller, out of a berth, joined Kitchener's Army. Wife in very delicate state of health. Separation allowance would have been enough to support her had it not been for debts contracted through unemployment and extra nourishment being required.

Wounded soldier, without parents or friends, writes to us from a provincial hospital telling us that he has had no pay for three months, and that in consequence he cannot have the same as other sufferers who have friends. We have seen that the poor fellow is not left out in the cold.

Irish widow, whose son—her sole support—joined new army several weeks ago, can get no information from militafy authorities as to allowance. But for two neighbours who rendered kindly assistance, she would have been in workhouse. Local S.S.F.A. gave her grocery ticket for 4s. and told that if she received any allowance from Government the amount would have to be repaid.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

"Royal Arch Mason," £2; "A lover of Red Tape," 5s.; Master and Crew of the s.s. *Cymrian*, £2; "Jack Skysail," 5s.; "Kid," 3s. 9d.; "The Perseverance Jolly Boys' Club," £1; "S.," 2s.; "Monoplane," 6d.; S. A. N., 1s.; "Reader," £2; "A Suttonian," 1s.; M. D. (Smithills), 2s.; "West," £2 10s.; "Sympathiser," 5s.; D. B., 2s.; S. R. D., 5s.; R. F. W., 2s. 7d.; D. B., 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Durham), 6d.; E. J. W., £2; J. L., 5 dollars; "Sympathiser," (Bury), 4s. 6d.; F. L. T., 1s. 6d.; "Schoolgirl," 1s.; "Ivy Mary," 1s.; S. R. C., 2s.; R. M. C., 2s.; A. G., 6d.; "Lamorna," 2s.; D. G., 10s.; "Axe," 2s.; Anon., 6d.; M. D., 1s.; "Teeaich," 1s.; E. N. (Netherthorpe), 6d.; "Le Fylde," 6d.; W. M., 2s. 6d.; T. J. M., 6d.; Mrs. C., 2s.; A. P., 6d.; "Mell," 3s.; W. C. F., 1s.; "Rotten Luck," 2s. 6d.; J. H., 2s. 6d.; H. G. D., 2s. 6d.; M. A. B., 2s. 6d.; G. J. M., 5s.; C. P., 2s.; "Advance," 2s.; S. C. (Kinsale), 2s. 6d.; "Attemperators, No. 5," 10s.; E. C., 1s.; S. S., 2s. 6d.; F. V. St. C., 5s.; F. A. B., 5s.; "Eileen," 5s.; H. K., 10s.; W. E. W., parcel; "Scholar," 2s.; D. R. (Skewen), 5s.; "Jump," 6s.; R. W. W., 1s. 3d.; "Policeman and his Mate," 3s.; C. S., 2s. 6d.; C. B., 2s.; "Bullets," 2s. 6d.; G. K. D., 5s.; "Vatent" (Natal), £3; A. McC., 1s.; "Englishman," 5s.; "From the Sea," 4s.; A. K. and G. E. L., £2 2s.; R. J. R., £1 5s.; D. M., £1; J. T. P., 1s.; A. C. F. W., 1s.; C. S. L., 5s.; "Omicron," 2s. 6d.; "5s. Prize Winner," 1s.; "The Employees of C. W. (Limehouse)," £1 2s. 3d.; K. A., £1; "Donneure," 2s.; B. W., 2s. 6d.; "H3" (Scarboro'), 5s.; R. A., £10; "Little Johnnie," 8s.; R. N. M. (Mysore), £2; "Colin Haydn," 1s.; H. W. P., 1s.; J. L., 5 dollars; J. W. E., 1s. 7d.; "Hammersmith Harry," 5s.; E. J. R. (Hackney), 7s.; F. E., 5s.; P. V. B., 11s.; L. M. P., 1s.; H. M., 2s. 6d.; M. C. S. (U.S.A.), 12s.; Master, Officers and Crew of the Collier Transport *Dalewood*, £1 10s.; H. F., 1s. 6d.; T. R., 4s. 6d.; P. G., 10s.; G. C. H., 2s. 6d.; E. J. W., 4s.; F. L., 1s.; W. S. (Londonderry), 1s.; L. M. (Strood), 1s.; J. S., 1s.; V. J. F., 1s.

Mr. R. Tyce, the first prize winner in our 111th "Bullets" Competition, has kindly sent us £5.

Miss Napier, the first prize winner in "Bullets" No. 112 has also forwarded £5.

COLLECTING BOXES.

LONDON.—Mr. H. N. Morgan, "Crown and Shuttle," 226, High Street, Shoreditch, 1s. 3d.; Mr. A. J. Clark, 714, Holloway Road, 1s. 2½d.; Mr. A. Armstrong, "Alwyne Castle," St. Paul's Road, Canonbury, 1s. 8½d.; Mr. G. A. Coleman, 3, Queensland Road, Holloway, 1s.; Mr. J. Harrison, "The Crown," Mayfield Road, Dalston, 1s. 1½d.; Princes Theatre Staff, Shaftesbury Avenue, 1s.; Mr. E. H. Westley, "Lord Lyndhurst" Peckham, 1s.; Quartermaster-Sergt. Smith, 22nd Battalion London Regiment, Drill Hall, Bermondsey, 2s. 1½d.; Mr. F. Huggins, "Brunswick Arms," Stamford Street, 2s. 7d.; Mr. A. Heys, "Denbigh Arms," Denbigh Place, 3s. 5d.; Messrs. Bridge and Co., 28, Brompton Road, 1s. 7½d.; Mr. A. Rowe, "Cowley Arms," Addison Place, Brixton Road, 2s. 3d.; Mr. Percy Goodman, 48, Stanhope Gardens, South Kensington, 2s. 7d.; Councillor E. L. Franklin, "Queen's Head," 18, Broad Street, Albert Embankment, S.E., 1s. 3½d.; Mr. C. Besser, "Black Horse," 19, Tottenham Court Road, 1s. 11d.; Mr. J. E. Neal, "Blue Posts," 54, Charlotte Street, 4s. 3d.; Mr. F. Vesco, "Carlisle Arms," 2, Bateman Street, 1s. 8½d.; Mr. A. H. Standbrook, "Old Clay Hall," Old Ford Road, 1s.; Mr. E. Underwood, "Bromley Arms," Fairfield Road, Bow, 1s. 5½d

FOR THE POOR AT CHRISTMAS.

"Old Reader, S.W.," 1s.; "Jaw," 10s.; E. M., 2s.; "Florence Elizabeth," 2s.; L. A. K. (New Southgate), 2s.; F. W. (Sheffield), 2s. 6d.; "Donneure," 1s.; J. D., 1s.; "Mell," 2s. 6d.; M. S., 1s.; B. H. B. (Bombay), 10s.; R. S. G., 10s.; "Working Man," 1s.; "Corfu," 2s. 6d.; C. S., 4s.; "22 Liverpool," 2s.; M. C. (Ilford), 2s.; L. A. (Kildare), 5s.; F. A. B., 5s.; "One of Kitchener's Pets," 1s.; R. P. (St. Albans), 2s.; N. C. 10d.; "A Five Years' Reader," 5s.; E. J., 1s.; "For Peggy's Sake," 5s.; "Buckhurst Hill," 5s.; J. R., 5s.; E. F., 2s.; "Anonymous," 6d.; "It's the Poor that Helps the Poor," 1s.; "Lagonda," 21s.; J. A. (Devonport), 5s.

Parcels of clothing, toys, sweets, etc., from "The Scholars of Cornworthy School"; Miss G. H., Miss B. R., Messrs. Tom Smith and Co., (crackers); Mrs. L., Mrs. M. S. Mrs. F., A. H., Mrs. F. N. C., Mrs. P. B., "Ilford," Mrs. C. (Peckham), G. R., "Gunnersbury," Mrs. G., "Grateful P. D.," Mrs. W., L. M., N. V. (Cardiff), "Anonymous," "Ballyhackamore," "Cymro," R. G. S.

(*See appeal on page 26.*)

Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Every postal order should be crossed.

WHAT HAVE *YOU* GIVEN?

Don't forget the "John Bull" Pen Coupon on page ii. of cover.

A WONDERFUL ALL-BRITISH BARGAIN

WE are making a sensational Christmas offer to introduce the marvellous value obtainable at the JOHN BULL'S STORE. A superb shaving outfit: Razor, Brush, Shaving Stick and Case—never before sold at less than 25/—FOR 7/6 POST FREE. This wonderful bargain will show you what can be done with Sheffield steel and British workmanship.

Every one sold carries with it the guarantee shown below—money back if not satisfied

Of course, every man will want the "J.B." Safety Razor and Shaving Outfit for himself this Christmas, and at the same time it will make an ideal gift—especially for relatives or friends at the front.

THE "J.B." SHAVING SET.

Every "J.B." Safety-Razor Outfit includes the following:—

1. An all-British Nickel Plated "J.B." Safety Razor that will last practically for ever. Adjustable in a moment and cleaned in a few seconds.
2. Six splendid keen razor blades of good honest Sheffield steel, finely ground and perfectly tempered.
3. A magnificent best quality hair Shaving Brush in an "always bright" metal case. Every bristle is specially secured to prevent falling out or rotting.
4. A Simplex Shaving Stick—also in a bright nickelled case. A superfatted shaving soap that conquers in a moment the stiffest beard and makes shaving a pleasure.
5. A strong, compact leatherette box lined with silk, in which the whole outfit can be packed in a moment. Especially useful to travellers, and invaluable for sailors and soldiers.

Send to-day for this wonderful 25/- "J.B." Safety Razor Set, 7/6 post free from the JOHN BULL'S STORE, Crown Row House, 51, High Holborn London, W.C.

Usual Price: 25/- Special to "J.B." readers:

7/6 ONLY.

Guarantee: The John Bull Safety Razor Set has been submitted to and fully approved by the Editor of "John Bull." Any customer dissatisfied with the purchase will have the money returned in full.

CONSUMPTION.

MARVELLOUS RECOVERIES, AND ANOTHER COMPLETELY NEW LIST WILL APPEAR IN THIS PAPER NEXT WEEK.

The following are the names and addresses of people who have been in the grip of the great White Plague, and generally considered to be far-advanced and hopeless cases.

Mr. F. C. Monk, 72, Fenwick Road, Peckham Rye.
Mr. Edward Spencer, Cropstone Road, Anstey, near Leicester.
Miss A. Keene, 101, Church Road, Hove.
Mrs. Julia Jones, 39, Salisbury Road, Cape Hill, Smethwick, near Birmingham.
Mr. B. H. Ketley, 75, Rochester Avenue, Upton Park, E.
Miss Whitehead, 50, Moorcroft Street, Hollins Road, Hollingwood, near Oldham.
Mr. George Geary, Station Road, Ratby, Leicestershire
Mr. W. Watts, 79, Glenthorne Road, New Southgate, N.
Son of Mr. E. Larcombe, 68, Cambridge Street, Chard, Somerset.
Mr. A. Williams, 61, Limes Road, West Croydon, Surrey.
Mr. J. J. Skipworth, 7, Ritches Road, Harringay, N.
Mrs. F. Wood, 106, Brayards Road, Peckham, S.E.
Mr. W. J. Stephens, 111, Kimberley Road, Cardiff.
Son of Mr. E. A. Dawbarn, 243, St. Anne's Street, Birkenhead, Cheshire.
Mr. G. Green, 6, Saint Peter's Road, Petersfield, Hants.

If you doubt it, write yourself to one, any, or all of them for direct evidence. They, among hundreds of others, have been given a new lease of life by taking STEVENS' CONSUMPTION CURE. If you are suffering from this scourge of the human race, send to-day for a FREE SAMPLE SUPPLY of this self-same life-giving substance. The personal advice of Mr. Stevens himself is also at your command. A postcard or letter to 206, Worple Road, Wimbledon, will bring you the free sample and full particulars without any charge whatever.

RAIN SOAKED CLOTHES

A suit that gets wet through loses shape and is often totally ruined in appearance—unless sent to us.

We can put all the smartness into it, including revival of the fabric itself by our West of England cloth manufacturers' process, using dry-steam under pressure.

WE REPAIR,

revive, press, shape and renovate in every way and send you a new suit.

Try one Suit or Overcoat, 3s. 9d.

Money back if not satisfied.

NOTE OUR CORRECT ADDRESS—

BRITISH

32 to 40 Great College Street, London, N.W.

We collect and deliver FREE 10 miles from Charing Cross. Beyond, rail or post clothes to us. We pay carriage one way.

Humber Models for 1915.

Humberette	2-seater	£135
10 h.p.	2-seater	£255
	4-seater	£270
11 h.p.	2-seater	£295
	4-seater	£310
14 h.p.	2 seater	£380
	5-seater	£395

IMMEDIATE DELIVERY can be given of all Models.

Full Particulars and Illustrated Catalogue from

HUMBER LIMITED, COVENTRY.

LONDON: 32, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.; 60-64, Brompton Road, S.W.
SOUTHAMPTON: 7, London Road. AGENTS EVERYWHERE.

HEARD IN THE TRAIN.

THE WORRIES OF SOLDIERS' WIVES.

1ST SOLDIER'S WIFE: I tell yer, my dear, if I'd a-known wot I know now I wouldn't 'ave married a soljer not if 'e'd bin 'ung with di'munds.

2ND SOLDIER'S WIFE: I believe yer—nor me neether. Wot with one thing an' anuther——

1ST SOLDIER'S WIFE: Not thet I've annythink ter say agin my ole man as a nusban, mindyer. 'E's one o' ther best—steady, 'ard-workin', kind to the kids, an'——

2ND SOLDIER'S WIFE: If 'e's no better than mine, 'e's orl right. I don't think we've ever 'ad wotchermacall a row since we wos married. We got orl thet over afore we wos spliced up. 'E wos a terrer then, an' no errer. I 'ad ter keep a firm 'and on 'im—not 'arf! But 'e'd got ther right stuff in 'im, an' turned out one of ther best. But orl the same I wouldn't 'ave married 'im if I'd known it 'ud ever be considered a disgrace to be a soljer's wife.

1ST SOLDIER'S WIFE: Thet's wot I wos a-sayin'. W'en 'e wos called up 'e ses: "The country'll look arter you an' the kids, ole gal." "Will it?" I ses. "It ain't done much for soljers' wives in the parst, 'as it?" "P'r'aps not," 'e ses; "but there's a diff'rent spirit nar. This is a big thing we're on, an' the public ain't a-goin' to let the dependents of soljers wot's a-goin' ter save the *H*empire suffer. You'll be looked arter proper." 'E wos right. We *are* bein' looked arter. But not in the way 'e meant. If 'e on'y knew, 'e'd turn in 'is trench, or in 'is grave, if—if 'e's bin done in—p—pore ole chap.

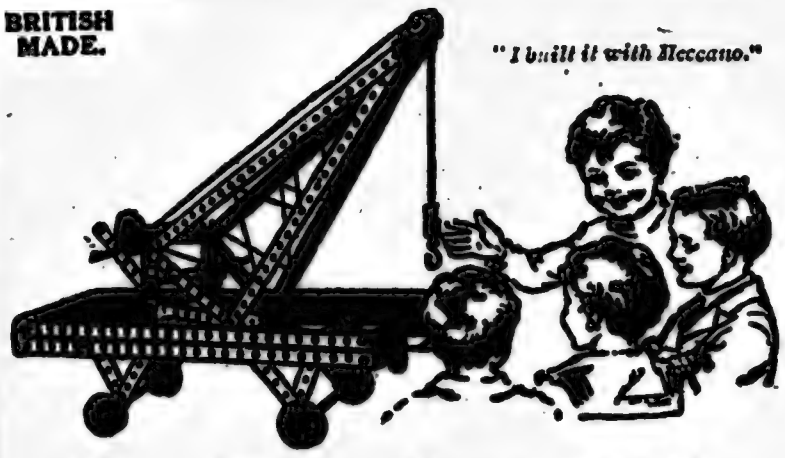
2ND SOLDIER'S WIFE: S'orful. Did I tell yer wot they did about my allotment? Well, yer know, I didn't git nuthink from the Wore Orfice fur seven weeks arter my 'usban' wos called up. But one o' these kind ladies from one o' the Funds come rarnd to my 'ouse the first week an' arsked me if I wos in debt. "No," I ses, "an' don't wanter be. An' I sharn't, if on'y the Wore Orfice sends me my money erlong reg'lar." Then she 'splained there might be a delay, an' seein' as 'ow me 'ome and kids wos clean an' I *looked* respectable, she'd allow me five bob a week till I got me allotment arrears. She sed the money wos surplied by the public to relieve the distress caused by the wore—w'ich I knew as well as she did, readin' the papers reg'lar—an' thet I needn't think it wos charity. I sed I never 'ad no sich thort. I sed my 'usban' wos riskin' 'is life fur 'is country, an' the country 'ad a purfic right to look arter 'is wife an' children. Enny'ow, I 'ad five bob a week from the Fund fur seven weeks. It jest kep' us goin', wi' the little bit I'd saved up on the quiet. Then I gits me arrears from the Wore Orfice. An' wotcher think? The lady comes rarnd an' ses I must pay back the five bob a week I'd 'ad out of it! Thirty-five bob I 'ad to pay back. An' w'en I objeckted, she turned rarnd an' arsked me w'ether I drank. "Yes," I ses, "an' eat too, like *h*every other uming bein', m'am, thank you fur arskin'." An' she went orf in 'igh dungeon with me money!

1ST SOLDIER'S WIFE: I know. I know sev'ral wot's bin treated like thet. But the limit is this pleece supervishun. A copper ackshully came round to my 'ouse this mornin' an' arsked me w'ere I wos larst night. "In me bed, same as you, I s'pose," I sed. "You wos seen comin' out of the Dook of Edinburgh et arf parst nine," 'e ses. "Yes," I ses, "I ushally come out thet time. I go in et twenty-nine minits parst an' come out at 'arf parst." "You'll 'ave ter be careful," 'e ses, "else you'll lose yer allotment." "Wot fur?" I ses; "fur fetchin' me 'arf pint o' supper stout?" "No," 'e ses, "fur bein' a 'abitchewal frequenter of a public 'ouse." I told 'im 'e wos a liar, an' shut the door in 'is face.

2ND SOLDIER'S WIFE: Mrs. Carter wos tellin' me the same thing. I s'pose they'll be rarnd ter see me next. *I'm waitin' for 'em.* Becos we're soljers' wives are we ter be treated like——? Why, 'ere we are!

Our issues of September 19th and October 17th contained two paragraphs reflecting upon Messrs. Brock and George, of Shepherdess Walk, City Road, N., and alleging that they were a German and an "enemy" firm. We are now satisfied that these allegations are entirely unfounded, and we unreservedly withdraw them. We have gladly paid them a small sum of money, which they are sending to the Prince of Wales' Fund, and a further sum to cover the costs and expenses to which they have been put.

BRITISH MADE.



"I built it with Meccano."

The Best Xmas Gift

WHATEVER economies are imposed upon us by the War, the children must not go empty-handed this Christmas.

To give a boy Meccano at Christmas is to ensure for him the utmost happiness, lasting for months and years.

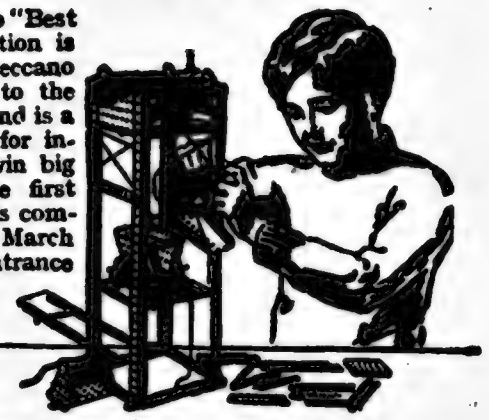
It is a toy with a new interest every day in the year. It is a hundred and more toys in one; each a real working model of some engineering masterpiece: each with a new interest. The boy builds these models and their operating mechanism himself with the little Meccano strips of shining steel and the various parts.

MECCANO

THE GREAT BRITISH TOY

Give your boy a Meccano outfit this Christmas and he will build Cranes that raise and lower loads, Bridges of various types, Battleships with guns, Monoplanes, Railways, Signals, Waggons, Lighthouses with revolving lanterns, Roundabouts, Lathes for real wood-turning, and machinery of the most interesting kind. All in plated shining steel. He can invent other models for himself. No end to the fun.

YOUR BOY MAY WIN
A BIG MONEY PRIZE



The Meccano £200 "Best Model" Competition is open to all Meccano users. It adds to the fun of building and is a fine opportunity for ingenious boys to win big cash prizes. The first prize is £50. This competition closes March 1st, 1915. No entrance fee. Ask your Meccano dealer for particulars and entry form, so that your boy may turn his Meccano to profitable account.

FREE BOOK No. 22. This bright little book is about Meccano and the great delights of model building. Will be read by old and young with keen interest. Plenty of pictures. Send a postcard for this Free Book No. 22 to-day.

Meccano Outfits Complete from 3/- to 100/-
The No. 1 Outfit at 5/- makes 62 Models

Each Meccano outfit is complete with all parts for building the models, also Instruction Book fully illustrating how each model is built. No study needed. No extras to buy. The fun begins at once.

Sold by all the best Toy Dealers, Stores, Etc.

MECCANO Ltd. Binns Road Liverpool

Armour's ALLIES CALENDAR

FREE

A set of four beautiful works of art in full colour, a calendar for 1915, and a souvenir of the Great European War. The paintings from which the plates are reproduced were selected from designs submitted by over a hundred artists.

Each plate contains a figure typifying one of the four chief Allies—Belgium, Russia, France and Britain—and the pictures are reproduced in colours on heavy art paper.

No advertising matter appears on the sheets.

HOW TO GET A CALENDAR FREE

This calendar will be sent post paid to any address in the United Kingdom on receipt of four labels or capsules from any one or more of the following products representing purchases amounting to 5/-, or on receipt of P.O. for 5/- we will forward the goods and calendar:

Armour's Ox Tongue,
Armour's Potted Meat,
Armour's Fish Paste,
Armour's Helmet Norwegian Sardines,
Armour's Extract of Beef,
Vigoral, or

Vigoral Cubes

Or a calendar will be sent post paid on receipt of a label from a glass or tin of any one of the above products together with P.O. for 1/-.

To those preferring to purchase, a calendar or set of art plates suitable for framing will be sent post paid to any address in the United Kingdom on receipt of P.O. 2/6.

Special rates for quantities to Church Societies, Bazaars, Sales of Work and other benevolent institutions.

Armour's food products are sold by all first-class Grocers and Stores.

ARMOUR AND COMPANY LIMITED

ATLANTIC HOUSE HOLBORN VIADUCT
LONDON.

A Cigarette with a distinctive character

"ALL ARMS"

The new Virginia Cigarette

(In paper packets)

10 for 3d.

"All Arms" Cigarettes are concessions to War conditions—an honest attempt to provide exceptional value in a high-class Cigarette at War Prices. **Each packet contains** one of a series of Picture Cards representing the different regiments of the fighting Nations—the leading Generals—the battle-ships—the soldiers of all the countries engaged in the War. Each packet also contains a flag of the Allies suitable for wearing in the coat.

Get a packet of "ALL ARMS" to-day!—Compare them with your favourite Cigarette—smoke them critically—note the natural fragrance—the smoothness to the throat and when inhaled. We are relying on the critical judgment of those who know and appreciate a good Cigarette to make this the most popular line in the market.

"ALL ARMS"

Navy Blend Pipe Tobacco

5½d. per ounce

An original conception in a high-class Tobacco.

Of all Tobacconists, or CANARERAS, Ltd. (West End Depot), 55, Piccadilly, London, W.

RAY & CO., Ltd., Arcadia Works, City Road, London, E.C.

LAYS OF A LOWLY LONDONER.

No. 9553. PRIVATE GEORGE WILSON. V.C.

Maybe you've heard about Geordie Wilson,
  Fresh at the front from Ed'nbro' toon;
But if you haven't yet heard about him,
  Take it from me you'll be hearing soon;
It's all writ down in official papers,
  The clerks have worded it neat and pat;
They say what he did was "most conspicuous,"
  But, lawdy, man, it was more than that.

George he was set in a hot, hot corner,
  Where there was muckle of shot and shell;
Hearts around him were aching and breaking,
  For there was mony a comrade fell;
Anyone else might have lost their courage,
  It only heated George Wilson's bluid,
He marked the machine-gun doing the mischief
  Over the plain and hid in a wood.

George he didn't ask no one's permission,
  Perhaps because they would say him nay;
He tightened his belt and guessed he'd be going
  Just for a saunter across the way;
He passed the whisper on to a comrade—
  "Right," said the chum, "I'll be coming, too";
Both of them clambered out of the trenches,
  Clean against orders, but nobody knew.

Maybe you think it was simple madness,
  Crazy-like on the part of them two;
Geordie to take with him one of the Rifles
  To face a machine-gun and its crew!
But there, he couldn't see British blood flowing,
  If he was looney, if he was not;
His dander was up and he meant to stop it,
  Or spill his own like a fighting Scot.

Out the pair of them crept to the open,
  The gun it was turned upon them then,
A shot sent the rifleman's soul to heaven,
  But on went George—after saying Amen!
Went on alone, his task to accomplish,
  Shooting, and crawling towards the wood;
A share of the glory goes to his comrade,
  Who would have been with him if he could.

George, he let fly when he saw an opening,
  His eyes like sparks and his jaw set grim,
Cool as a cucumber, didn't miss much;
  And bet your boots they fired at him.
Stealthily, one by one did he mark them,
  And when one he marked, that one he dropped,
Crawling the while a whit closer near them—
  Lord alone knows how he wasn't stopped!

An officer and six men were serving
  That deadly gun, and it can't seem true
That George, unaided, should beat and slay them;
  But it shows what an hero's pluck can do.
Fancy the seven men there dumbfounded,
  Missing, him, 'spite of each eager aim,
And he, like fate, remorseless, advancing—
  Strive as they might, it was all the same!

He shot them down, and alone he charged them,
  To save his mates from the doom of the gun,
Deriding death as he crawled by inches,
  Splendidly mad till the thing was won;
He took the gun and the ammunition,
  Bag and baggage, the job was complete;
Helping the line in a tight position,
  Banishing every fear of retreat.

Is there another lone deed to beat it?
  Think of each panting, desperate breath,
Of the one man firing away at seven,
  Whose gun spat forth its multiple death!
Yet, some weeks back, George was selling papers
  Out in the street to me and to you . . .
Who will dare say the next man on the corner
  May not, with the chance, be a hero, too?

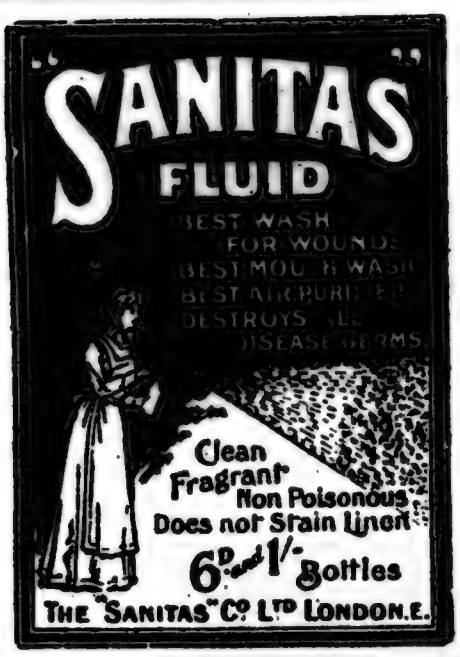
RICARDO.

BRITISH AND BEST.

"ERASMIC"
SHAVING STICK
is used at the front as well as at home.

BEWARE OF FOREIGN IMITATIONS.
In Nickel Case 10d.
"ERASMIC" Perfumers WARRINGTON.

"SANITAS"
FLUID
BEST WASH FOR WOUNDS
BEST MOUTH WASH
BEST AIR PURIFIER
DESTROYS ALL DISEASE GERMS



Clean
Fragrant
Non Poisonous
Does not Stain Linen
6d. and 1/- Bottles
THE "SANITAS" Co. LTD LONDON. E.

SEND nine penny stamps to Newball & Mason, Nottingham, and they will send you a bottle of

Mason's Ginger Wine Essence

which makes

One Gallon Ginger Wine

with the addition of lump sugar.

All who apply before January 15th will receive a Neat Money Box, which makes a Useful Gift for the Children.

The All British Berkeley

Made in our own factories by expert craftsmen. It sets the standard of value in the upholstery trade. It is luxuriously comfortable, soundly constructed, handsome in appearance, famous for durability, and unrivalled in value.

The Berkeley Model No. 2, as illustrated, is roomy and comfortable, built on strong birchwood frame, with best steel-cop pered springs, hygienic stuffing, and upholstered in smart durable Tapestries to match any scheme of decoration.

Every Berkeley is

IS SOLD ON THE MONEY BACK PRINCIPLE

Choose your covering from our samples (sent free), and then send 2/6 only with your order. We send the Chair without further payment, carriage paid in England and Wales for your approval, and if you are not completely satisfied you may return it *at our expense* and we will refund your money in full

PRICE 30/- or 2/6 with order and balance 4/- monthly.

MODEL No. 2.

FREE Send post card to-day for patterns of Tapestries and full particulars.

H. J. SEARLE & SON LD.

Dept. B.X., 70-73, Old Kent Rd., London. *N. w est End Show Rooms Ltd, Victoria St., Westminster, S.W.*

A War Time Novelty Everybody Must Have.

OUR SOLDIERS' CARTRIDGE CASES AS HANDY PENCILS.

Everybody will be wanting one of these cartridge pencils. Made from Cartridges the same as shot from the rifles mowing down the Germans. Put one in your waistcoat pocket to show your friends.

The J.B. CARTRIDGE PENCIL

PRICE **1/-** ONLY *(POST FREE).*

WITH SILVER BULLET **1/9**

Send your order to-day. You will be delighted with the novelty of this idea. Most wonderful value for money. Send P.O. direct to John Bull's Store, Brownlow House, 51, High Holborn, London, W.C.

GUARANTEE.—Every article is submitted to the editor of "John Bull" before being advertised. Any customer dissatisfied with his purchase will have his money returned in full.

TOILET SOAP

FREE

This Tablet of

OATINE SOAP

Oatine Soap represents the acme of perfection in Toilet Soaps, it being scientifically compounded from the healing and cleansing properties of Oats. It makes a soft, creamy lather, which cleans the skin thoroughly. Oatine Soap is sold by all Chemists in 10d. and 3d. Tablets.

To advertise Oatine Soap, we are distributing for a limited period 10,000 3d. tablets, absolutely free, to all sending 3d. in stamps for our Sample Outfit, containing a trial size of five different Oatine preparations, including Oatine Cream, Snow, Face Powder, Shampoo Powder, also a 50 pp. Book, entitled "Beauty and Health," and the free 3d. Tablet of Oatine Soap.

THE OATINE CO.,

270x, Oatine Buildings, Boro., London, S.E.

ASK FOR

"JOHN BULL SAFETY MATCHES"

Made at

"ENGLAND'S GLORY"

Match Works, Gloucester.

OF ALL GROCERS, OILMEN, &c.

JOHN BULL ON SENTRY GO.

THE CANTEEN CONTRACTOR.

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"Friend! Mean to say you don't know me?"

"Advance, friend, give the countersign, and let's have look at you."

"Oh, the old tag—*Civis Brit.*; and Canteen Contractor."

"So I see. You're looking well."

"Well, I'm *doing* well, you see."

"A little too well, in some cases, I'm thinking."

"*Too* well? My dear sergeant, or sentry, whatever you're called, how can a business man possibly do *too* well?"

"When he takes advantage of the war to make exorbitant profits out of the soldiers."

"Pshaw! It doesn't do to be squeamish! 'Grab your chance' is my motto."

"Well, take it from me, the country is not in the mood to see her gallant young voluntary soldiers, who have come forward to offer their lives, if need be, for her service, squeezed and cheated by a parcel of canteen caterers. The majority of them haven't too much money to spend."

"We're entitled to our profit. It is a tradition. Army contractors have always been allowed to make bigger profits than anybody else."

"I agree that it has become a tradition, but it has to be broken down this time. You are being watched more closely than ever before. You have already had the General Officer Commanding at Aldershot on your track, for 'rushing' soldiers who, unable to leave barracks, are forced to buy from you."

"And I didn't thank him for his interference, either. I was doing very well at the time, *very* well."

"You were charging for bloaters over five times as much as you had a moral right to; for kippers you were demanding 150 per cent. above market prices; for onions, 100 per cent.; even milk and margarine you had to stick up 25 to 35 per cent., and potatoes 30 per cent.! What sort of a mind can you have to scheme to make dishonest profits out of the patriotism and self-sacrifice of recruits?"

"I tell you it was *business*. You stand for business, do you not?"

"Yes, but not dirty business like that. *And it's going to be stopped!* There has been enough of that sort of thing as well as Army Contract scandals, in the past. John Bull is on sentry go, you will please to remember."

"You are making slanderous insinuations against a highly respectable, hard-working, and patriotic body of business men, the Canteen Tenants and Contractors."

"Oh, I give some of you credit for honesty, but the canteen system is bad altogether, affording too many facilities for sharp practice. For example, which of your crowd was it who was recently selling to the Tommies for a ha'penny packets of cigarette papers which had been specially sent over by a French manufacturer for free distribution amongst the British troops, and bore inside a printed statement to that effect?"

"Ha, ha! Very smart! Very!"

"The Canteen Tenant guilty of an act of mean and petty thievery like that would smart if I had my way. Not only was he robbing the country's defenders, but he was seeking a profit out of the generous impulse of an ally!"

"H'm. Got a bad attack of morals, haven't you? A good job for some of us you weren't on sentry go at the time of the Boer War. Well, stand aside, my friend. I must get on and see what I can devise to squeeze an extra copper or so out of the pockets of our dear young friends the recruits. I've given the countersign, you'll remember.'

"Pass, doubtful friend.—Sergeant, set a picket on that man's track, to keep him under observation."

STRIVING.

Pleasant it is to drift—
No oars to pull, no sails to lift:
Perchance therein there's naught to blame,
But—straws can do the same.

Pulling against the tide
In storm and stress, is manhood's pride.
And much at last will be forgiven
If we have striven.

George S. Astins.

SOLDIERS and SAILORS need Handkerchiefs!

Give them EXCELDA HANDKERCHIEFS.

A genuine, durable and satisfactory article, soft and ready for use.

UNION JACK and KHAKI STYLES, as well as many other attractive designs.

Sold everywhere at 6½d. each.

Be sure you get EXCELDA.

IONA

SCOTCH WHISKY

is recognised as the perfection of Scotch Whiskies.

It immediately appeals to the man who appreciates a fully matured whisky of absolute purity. Of great age, it possesses a delicate, mellow flavour that pleases the palate, and because of its absolute purity it has no unpleasant after-effects.

Those who seek a tonic beverage of the highest standard will find it in "IONA," combining as it does characteristic quality with distinctive flavour.

"IONA" can be obtained from your wine and spirit merchant. If he hasn't it in stock he can get it for you.

G. & J. MACLACHLAN LTD.,
Author'sCohen Dictionary, N.B. GLASGOW. Established 1829

Hall's Wine for Influenza and Colds

Influenza often leaves life-long weakness; *prevention* is infinitely better than *cure*.

Hall's Wine, by reinforcing your vitality and strengthening your resistive power, not only provides the surest safeguard against Influenza, but reduces the severity of actual attack. And, to quote a doctor's statement, "In establishing strength after Influenza, the tonic and restorative properties of Hall's Wine are marvellous."

Proof of its Value in Coughs & Colds

The following letters speak for themselves—they are on file for reference:

"Hall's Wine has cured me of a very bad cough which I have had for months and which I could not cure."

"I had a severe cold one evening, but after taking Hall's Wine in hot water I was well in the morning."

GUARANTEE.—Buy a bottle of Hall's Wine to day. If, after taking half, you feel no real benefit, return to us the half-empty bottle within fourteen days, and we refund outlay.

Large, 3/6: smaller, 2/- Of Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers, etc.

Proprietors: STEPHEN SMITH & COMPANY, LTD., BOW, LONDON.

21

It— must— be— BOVRIL

BOVRIL IS BRITISH TO THE BACKBONE.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

Mr. and Mrs. Touchwud, two of the luckiest charms, with their heads of holy oak and curious sparkling eyes, seem to protect the wearer from ill-fortune, with their limbs of either gold or silver, whichever is preferred. They are set with birthday gems according to the Zodiacal months, as follows:

Stone. With eyes of real	Zodiacal Sign.	Dates.
Garnet	Aquarius	Jan. 21 to Feb. 18
Amethyst	Pisces	Feb. 19 to Mar. 20
Bloodstone	Aries	Mar. 21 to Apr. 20
Sapphire	Taurus	Apr. 21 to May 21
Emerald	Gemini	May 22 to June 21
Agate	Cancer	June 22 to July 23
Ruby	Leo	July 24 to Aug. 23
Sardonyx	Virgo	Aug. 24 to Sept. 23
Chyrysolite	Libra	Sept. 24 to Oct. 23
Opal	Scorpio	Oct. 24 to Nov. 22
Topaz	Sagittarius	Nov. 23 to Dec. 21
Turquoise	Capricornus	Dec. 23 to Jan. 20

It has always been a source of worry and trouble as to what to buy or what to give to your friend, relative, or fiancee; it has been the same thing every year, and we can quite understand why; the reasons are that there was nothing new; the same old Xmas card, the same old brooch, the same old bangle, whichever it may be. What is more, when you present anyone with a gift, it's got to be something suitable for the occasion; in other words, you could not present a Xmas pudding as an Easter gift, and so on.

NOW WE HAVE PRODUCED A NOVELTY TO SUIT EVERYBODY AND EVERYBODY'S POCKET. Although the prices are low, you could not give a more appreciated or acceptable present for your friend, relative, or fiancee, &c., than this lucky little Talisman, TOUCHWUD. Her Majesty Queen Alexandra was so delighted with them that Her Majesty ordered quite a number of them. The history of these little Mascots dates back thousands of years; in fact, nobody knows how old they are. Right back in the very beginning of things they were used and believed in as bringers of good luck, happiness and prosperity.

Silver, 2/6, 9ct. Gold, 5/6

Silver, 2/6. 9ct. Gold, 7/6

Each little Touchwud is suspended from a beautiful real enamel patriotic brooch, or from a silver or gold bow attachment, so that you can either wear them as a brooch, or on a bangle, watchchain, &c. A beautiful five-coloured folding Xmas card with suitable wording, giving the history and origin of these wonderful Touchwuds on the back, inside, space for correspondence. Each of them are packed in leatherette-covered boxes, suitable and ready for sending anywhere. They are obtainable from all jewellers and stores in the country at the following prices: Mrs. Touchwud, in silver with a brooch of the Allies' flags, 2s. 6d.; with sterling silver red cross bow, 2s. 6d.; with sterling silver red, white, and blue bow, 2s. 6d. Mr. Touchwud, in sterling silver on a five-flag brooch, beautifully enamelled, 2s. 6d.; on a sterling silver bow, 2s. 6d.; or on a sterling silver safety brooch, 2s. 6d.

Silver, 4/6, 9ct. Gold, 7/6

Mrs. Touchwud, in 9ct. gold, 5s. 6d.; with 9ct. gold bow brooch, 7s. 6d. Mr. Touchwud, on 9ct. gold ball end safety brooch, 10s. 6d. Each little Touchwud is on a beautiful Xmas card, and packed in a leatherette box. Should you have any difficulty in obtaining any of these at your local jeweller or store, send direct with remittance to the "Touchwud" Charm Co., 317 High Holborn, London, W.C., and per return you will receive one or more of these lucky mascots.

Silver, 2/6. 9ct. Gold, 5/6

SEND ONE OR MORE TO YOUR BOY WITH THE COLOURS FOR LUCK.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

AUTHORS and ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write name and address upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* WHEN STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IS ATTACHED TO THE MANUSCRIPT.

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or the Publisher, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for a shilling. All communications should be directed to* 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

"A CONSTANT READER" (Edinburgh).—Our Editor considers he does his best work in the early hours of the morning—starting at 7 o'clock.

R. C. C. B., M. S., M. H. P., G. S. D., and ANON.—Very many thanks for contributions towards our Jumble Sale, which have been duly added to our list.

G. W. V. (Penzance).—Perhaps the day is not far distant when British companies owned by parent Germhun, or other alien companies, will have to pay their fair share of income tax.

W. A. S. (S. Shields).—We have placed the head of the Archbishop of York under our arm and dealt with him "according."

N. S. (Liverpool).—You are plying rather an old tune. As soon as the Government had evidence that Germhuny was being supplied through neutrals they dealt with the situation. Whatever is done, leakage is inevitable.

"SCOTIA."—Why can't Mr. Hozge reply? Our columns are always open. The fact remains that the jury declined to accept his sworn testimony on a vital question of fact—and nothing he can say can get rid of it.

C. E. (Tooting), referring to a recent article, says "Hoch, hoch, hoch—so!" What *can* he mean?

T. S. A. (Aberdeen).—Yes, perhaps we were too strong in our recent reference to "Bible readers"—many of whom, of course, are honest and capital fellows.

W. T. (Durham).—Of course, there is no logical theology in the parsons who preach that the Kaiser has been chosen of God to chastise us for our sins.

D. M. K. (Leek).—Too early to discourse on the wife of the Prince of Wales. You may rest assured she won't be Germhun.

"EAST GRINSTEAD" (Sussex).—"Don't be so unfair on the parsons." Don't be such a sneak as to be anonymous.

J. H. (Tooting).—Don't know anything of Mr. Angus Watson who announced at a Newcastle meeting that "beer had gone up a ha'penny the half-pint, and he was not sure it was worth having a war to obtain a result like that." He must have been talking through his hat.

A. P. (Blackpool).—"I say, Lord Kitchener has lost one eye." In that case you had better shut your mouth, for you open it only to tell a fib.

J. S. L. (Trowbridge).—That "well-known townsman" who said on hearing of the death of the world-beloved Bobs that "a bigger scoundrel never lived," well deserves his advertisement in your club.

"ANON" (Durham).—Your postal order for sixpence, addressed to the "Cigarette Fund," has been added to our War Sufferers' Fund, as we are not making an appeal for smoking requisites for the troops, preferring to feed their wives and other dependents.

G. E. B. AND H. W. C. (Aldershot).—Strictly speaking, Germany did not declare war on Britain, but *vice versa*. We presented an ultimatum concerning Belgian neutrality, which expired at midnight Sunday, August 2nd.

JOHN J. (Portobello).—"At parade drill and in fine form. After a night of wind and storm. Our men lie on the sodden grass, Shivering drilled by a thoughtless ass." Was he trying to give you all rheumatism?

TPR. A. J. BLACKMORE, No. 2966 1st Life Guards.—Anxious parents would be very thankful for information regarding him. He went to the front with the Expeditionary Force, but has been "missing" since October 30th. We shall be pleased to forward any letters.

A. E. W. (Muswell Hill, N.).—Don't worry. Means will be found when the war is over to extract an indemnity from Germany, although her overseas trade will be crippled for a generation or so. France paid the Huns a huge indemnity when she lay bleeding at their feet, and then recovered in miraculous fashion.

"A NURSE" (East Dulwich).—So you consider we were "a bit rough on one parson in particular"—the Vicar of Sevenoaks. When the honour and morals of our gallant soldiers are questioned, you will always find us rough. And let anyone whisper a word defamatory of our nurses!

T. G. B. (London, W.).—An International Peace Brotherhood which goes around borrowing furniture wherewith to start business seems likely to create a row.

"LESLIE" (Morecambe).—We agree it is a scandalous shame to charge such heavy postage on parcels sent to our soldiers at the Front.

W. B. (Chorlton-c.-H.) wants to know whether the Government intend to claim a large part of Germhuny as an English colony at the conclusion of peace. He can safely bet long odds against that.

J. H. S. (Wolverhampton) is deaf and dumb and in the workhouse, receives half an ounce of tobacco for cleaning windows, sells it to an inmate for 1d. and buys JOHN BULL with the proceeds. This comes near to being the greatest compliment we have ever received.

"*Civis Hibernicus Sum*" (Dublin).—Begorra! You are a thrue son iv ould Oireland.

"LIEUT.-COL." (Bombay).—Thanks for interesting letter, but the ground has been often covered. Best luck to you.

J. H. (Woodstock, Ont.).—It is waste of energy flogging a dead horse. There is no emigration question at present.

"EMPLOYEES" (Am. Ex. Co.).—Your "round robbin" does credit to your hearts, and to your heads also. *Pax vob.*

"SPECIAL" (Herne Hill).—Who are we, that we should instruct the drill sergeant in his duties?

C. T. S. (Wolverhampton).—Your "No. 2 Shop Act" at Wolverhampton is certainly hard on many local tradesmen. It is for them to protest.

F. W. (Sheffield).—The Sheffield landlords who will not let their empty houses to refugee Belgians, though the rent is guaranteed, must be either pro-German or un-English.

H. L. H. (Birmingham).—The Rev. W. E. Oswald Parry, Vicar of St. James' Parish Church, Aston, is evidently a brick.

"INDIGNANT" (Boscombe).—We are heartily with you in the expression of your feeling about the speech of the Archbishop of York.

"WELL WISHER" (Muswell Hill).—Very kind of you. We may find an opportunity to refer to your letter.

J. B. (Sportsman's Battalion) has been christened the Kaiser. "I produce that likeness by screwing up my face," he says. It must be made of rubber.

U. R. W. (British Guiana).—Will try to remember your suggestion "when the war is over."

MISS E. C. (Chelsea).—Notwithstanding their high-sounding name, the Premier Goldsmiths Company, 42, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C., appear to run a "prize" scheme, which involves not only the solution of a puzzle, but also the purchase of articles from them (much on the lines of certain discreditable firms we have exposed from time to time), and we advise you to have nothing whatever to do with it.

A. B. (Nottingham).—The person on whose behalf you write had better apply to the War Office, giving the alternative names under which her husband may have enlisted. As it is obvious that he wishes to be free, it would be useless for us to ask him, in this column, to come forward.

"SERGEANT" (R.F.A.).—Yes, your little daughter Violet writes a "nice" letter for her age.

LCE.-CORPL. WARD (Rifle Brigade, Winchester).—Glad to hear that you appreciate the "straightforward and generous way" in which the proprietors of "Hall's Wine" carried out their promise to send a free bottle to wounded soldiers, and that you are feeling "bucked up remarkably." As you have doubtless by this time seen, we quite agree with you that it is a scandal that the majority of soldiers' wives should have to suffer for the transgressions of the few.

"IRLANDAISE" (Wandsworth Common).—Don't upset yourself about the impudent and blasphemous "Ancient Prayer" which has been sent you anonymously. We receive so many of them that we use them to light the office fire.

Hurry up and get our Great Xmas Number, ..., or you may be too late.

J. W. (Eastbourne).—You are one of the thousands of victims of "Slippery Slade," otherwise Berry and Gill, whose nefarious proceedings we have repeatedly exposed, and who are now trying to escape the consequences of their roguery by passing through the Bankruptcy Court.

K. K. (Tunbridge Wells).—Because one Highlander happened to wear no breeks under his kilt on a warm day, it does not follow that they are all so indiscreet.

"FOX AND HOUNDS" (Putney).—Your quip to the effect that Berlin is now spelt Berin by the Allies, "because they are going to knock L out of it," is already moss-grown.

F. D. (Portland Place, W.).—You evidently have not seen the trouncing we gave "Bishop" Andrew Maclaglan, and his precious Denmark Street Free Soup Kitchen, in our issue of October 31st, under the heading "A Bogus Bishop's Bunkum."

"CYRANO," an elderly lady in very straitened circumstances, is anxious to dispose of an old newspaper dated September 6th, 1792, containing many interesting items relating to the war between France and Prussia, including the fall of Lille and Verdun, the massacre of the inhabitants of Rheims and Paris, and the flight of the French refugees to England. We will gladly transmit to our correspondent any offers we may receive.

DRIVER H. F. HYDE, 49020, R.F.A., 28th Battery, lately stationed at Meerut, India, is asked to communicate with his mother, who is anxious, not having heard from him since August 20th.

Mrs. M. A. (Derby).—We do not recommend you to send fees to Jean Rosseau, of the International Dramatic School, High Street, South Kensington. We have already commented upon his "literature."

G. W. (Harwich).—You probably refer to the Royal St. Anne's School, Redhill, which shelters 300 children "whose parents have once moved in a superior station of life." Redhill is sufficient address.

"DEVOTED READER" (Kentish Town).—Certainly, we excuse you your script, but we cannot excuse your trying to rhyme script with ships, and tip with tricks. Other ambitious poets, please note.

"ANXIOUS MOTHER" (Ripley).—Should your son rally sufficiently to be moved, the National Insurance Commissioners will select the sanatorium for him to go to.

H. E. C. (Bristol) encloses a communication from the Stylopen sharks, of 43a, Theobald's Road, W.C., and says he thinks it is a "have." We don't think—we know.

Mrs. K. (N. Havant).—Do not trust any "doctor" who advertises.

D. W. (Workington).—Vaughan and Heather of Brighton, are about the last firm we should think of trading with.

C. H. J.'s (Hammersmith) wife "has been caught by some precious scoundrel for 6d. and received in return enclosed ticket." Another of Potter Pooley's People's Accident Legal Aid Society's touts has evidently been at the old, old game.

A. G. (S. Kensington) thinks "an article on the price of tea would be of interest to readers of 'J.B.'" Here it is, then: The price of tea is up 3d., Yet this is what we all deplore, When it is sold to you and me, We're diddled of one penny more.

H. H. (Eston).—"To settle a small bet, will you please explain the meaning of your cartoon of ——" No; not for as much as 4d.

J. H. E. (Bilston).—We were right, you see. The German sergeant with the German wife, was *not* retained in the Birmingham police force.

COL. C. P. L.-B. (Guernsey).—We have read your war pamphlet with interest, and are glad to know you were prominent in the ranks of the long-sighted ones who foresaw the war. Although you are not able to join the fighting line in France, console yourself with the knowledge that you are doing your duty where you are.

"ANON" (Glasgow).—Am afraid that it is hardly the place to discuss your theological views, but can quite appreciate your practical suggestions in regard to the war—and have had much pleasure in forwarding your postal order for 2s. to the poor prisoner at Doeberitz, whose postcard we recently reproduced.

"ACONITE" (Tottenham).—Your letter was replied to in our issue of November 28th.

Mrs. M. P. (Cornwall).—We have no idea what would be the value of the old passport bearing the late Lord Salisbury's signature. An autograph collector might consider it worth something.

L. L. (Twickenham).—You should send a full written statement, with a postal order for a shilling, to the Legal Editor—who will answer you by post.

"BARGAIN-HUNTER."—Yes, the shaving case advertised by John Bull's Store has been inspected—and tested—by us. It is It.

"A LOVER OF MY COUNTRY" (Bishops Stortford) wags an admonitory finger at us: "If you see your way to awaken the public to a sense of what is necessary in the future and has been foolish in the past, I believe you will be doing good." We have been doing good for years.

Mrs. C. M. D. (Inverness) declares: "This war will sober half the world, And teach mankind to see, The Hellish consequences Of living on the Spree." Or, in other words, of being pots damned.

"EX-VOLUNTEER" (Upper Holloway, N.).—We are not impressed by your excuse for not enlisting. The fact that there are still some thousands of Germans in the British Isles should not deter you. There are a great many British in Germany, remember.

P. S. P. (Highbury, N.).—Persons born in Hamburg prior to its annexation by Germany became German subjects by virtue of that annexation. They became Huns by adoption, so to speak, and our alien enemies, no matter what their personal sentiments towards us may be.

F. W. (Edinburgh).—It seems to us quite reasonable that money collected in Edinburgh for soldiers' comforts should be used for the benefit of the Scottish regiments. Down here in England we make no nice distinctions between *British* soldiers.

F. P. (Birmingham).—C. Evans, 4, Pine Street, Blackburn, is interested in your "Kaiser" charms, which depict the hanging of the hated Hun. You might care to communicate with him.

"MARIETTE" (London).—Lord Haldane is not a German, nor is his name Germanic. But he was educated partly in Germany, and is credited with possessing strong intellectual German sympathies.

B. P. H. B. (S. Hampstead).—Can we kindly inform you if there is any truth in the prophecies of Joanna Southcott? We must wait and see. "Was she the woman spoken of in the 12th of Revelations?" How on earth should we know?

E. S. (Cardiff).—King George and the Kaiser are cousins, notwithstanding the fact that a few issues ago, thanks to the sardonic humour of one of our printer's devils, we were made to say that they were uncle and nephew. That boy, after being carefully attended to at the rear, has now gone to the front.

V. D. (Chatham).—Mr. Ralph D. Blumenfeld, the well-known journalist, to whom you probably refer, commenced his journalistic career at the age of 20, on the *Chicago Herald*, and is Canadian.

Mr. GEORGE LOUGHLIN (Pendleton).—We fail to see why you should regret having written us. We are pleased. We have tried over your song, "St. George for England," and Mr. Syd. Carson's composition of the same title. We congratulate you both, and can assure Mr. Carson that yours, and not his version, is sung by the Salford Branch.

W. B. (Sowerby Bridge).—The children of English parents, though born abroad, are entitled to call themselves British subjects.

E. P. aged 12, (Fulham), sends us an idea for protecting gasometers, etc., against Zeppelin bombs, and says: "Even twelve-year old boys think sometimes." Yes; and long, long thoughts. He should send his to the War Office.

A. F. (Richmond).—You are right. A large proportion of our enormous correspondence does speak most eloquently of the failure of State Education. Oh, for a Business Board of Education!

"CONSTANT READER" (London Hospital).—Hope you will soon recover from your wound. We believe the country is waking up. For compliments, thanks.

"JUSTICE" (Fife).—From answers to other correspondents you will have noted that we cannot undertake to state whether any particular firm is Germhun or not. At a guess, however, we should say that H. J. Heinz Co. are not Scotch.

"FRANCES" (Hants).—We believe that clubs for soldiers' wives have been opened in London.

LILY (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—"We will rule the Germhuns, Who'd like to rule the waves, Let Britain show her now that, She's booked to be the slaves." Glad you think we shall get the whip hand.

"ANXIOUS" (Manchester).—If you care to send us the papers relating to your transactions with the "Hulme Taylor-Mills Mutual Self-Help Money Society," we will look through them.

G. L. (Stepney).—The Queen of Spain is the daughter of Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg.

H. F. (London, W.).—Where correspondence schools are concerned we are not keen advocates; the one you mention is honest and useful.

Our £1,000 Football Contest closes Thursday, December 24th. Send your entries now.

RACING NOTES.

As far as the jumping season has so far gone, favourites have held their own in a quite remarkable manner. At Windsor, of the twelve races on the two days, no fewer than seven went to good favourites, and in the remaining events there was nothing in the nature of a "turn up."

Racing this week does not commence till to-day (Wednesday), when Lingfield will be the venue, as also on Thursday. Then follow a couple of days at Sandown Park. Racing is sure to be interesting at both meetings.

To-day, at Lingfield, Coshma will prove bad to beat in the Covert Side Steeplechase, whilst the evergreen Violet Charlesworth, on this one of her favourite courses, has an excellent chance of taking the Southern Counties Steeplechase. On Thursday, Blair Hampton should win again in the St. Pier's Selling Steeplechase. Silver Top, with all his weight, will do well in the Hunters' Steeplechase. This is a real fine jumper and weight carrier, and one day or other will do something bigger than called upon to do now. In the Ashdown Hurdle, Sergoi looks the best of the penalised horses, but it is doubtful if he can beat Screamer at the weights. Even though handicapped after his smart win at Windsor, The Last is not out of the Year's End Steeplechase.

At Sandown, on Friday, Fil d'Ecosse may win the Annual Hurdle; Thowl Pin the Ewell Steeplechase, and Sweet Sun the Three-Year-Old Hurdle. On Saturday, Lutteur III. should take the Sandown Steeplechase, and Alfred Noble, in the Ford Steeplechase, must represent the best thing of the week. Should Bouton Rouge or Bunch of Keys run in the Selling, it should win. Gnu should also improve upon recent running.

"JOHN BULL'S" CHRISTMAS CHARITIES.

THOUGH IN WAR TIME, DON'T FORGET THE GENERAL POOR.

For some years past it has been our habit to appeal to the generosity of our readers to enable us during the Christmas season to distribute gifts of food, clothing, toys, etc., amongst the London poor. This year, of course, there have been heavy demands upon the public; but we must not forget the large army of silent sufferers who, although not directly affected by the pressure of the present crisis, are nevertheless in sore distress.

Our system has been to apply the gifts entrusted to our charge in the purchase of meat, bread, groceries, coal, etc., by means of orders upon local tradesmen, thus enabling the recipients to obtain the food and fuel and to take them to their own homes.

We also appeal for left-off clothing of all shapes and sizes. A band of willing workers will carefully sort the articles into suitable lots. Toys, too—however old—are always welcome for the little ones, and the same remark applies to oranges, sweets, crackers—in short, to anything likely to bring a little happiness and sunshine during Christmas time into the homes of the poor.

Gifts of money will also be gratefully received. These should be forwarded direct to our Editorial Offices, 93 and 94, Long Acre, but all parcels of goods should be sent to our Central Depot, 149, Mare Street, N.E.

(*For list of donations, etc., see page* 16.)

PITY THE POOR EDITOR!

A GEM FROM OUR LETTER BAG.

"The other evening we had an argument in our village public, 'Which is the right and proper side to sleep with a lady?' There is nothing rude about the question, but no one could answer it, and so it was decided to write and ask the Editor of John Bull. Some of us said the right-hand side was the proper one, others said the left-hand side, but no one could prove, or support his statement from any chronological or historical data. The company present were single men, and the barmaid had not been married. Thanking you for an answer in one of your early issues."

Printer's Pie.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published in this column. Should more than one competitor call attention to the same slip, the amount will be forwarded to the sender of the first letter opened. In the case of newspaper cuttings, sufficient must be forwarded to identify the name of the journal and date of issue. Envelopes to be marked "Pie" in the left-hand top corner.)

"Daily Record and Mail" (heading):—

"The King's Tour in France. . . . Men's keen delight at the visit. A Wash and Brush-up for the Occasion! Entire absence of Pomp. Order of the Bath for General Joffre."

"Lincolnshire Standard":—

"In the evening the King, M. Poincaré, the Prince of Wales, Sir John French and others, died at the British Headquarters."

"Daily Telegraph":—

"It may be of interest to you to know that the papers relating to the birth of your triplet sons in October, 1905, who are now serving in the army, have been referred to, and the very exceptional circumstances are fully confirmed."

"Daily Malta Chronicle":—

"He remembered all the loud boasting of the German Kaiser about his fleet that would take the German tanner all round the earth and make it respected."

"Yorkshire Evening Press":—

"Two brothers of Mr. Slingsby . . . allege that . . . Mrs. Dorothy Morgan Slingsby had obtained the custody of the baby and had ever since passed him off as her awful child by her husband."

"The Express" (Merthyr):—

"The water which comes into the houses is filthy . . . and in some cases, water rates come into the houses with the water."

A. W. Gamage's Christmas Catalogue:—

"Toy Automobiles. A complete model fitted with mud-guards and steps . . . body handsomely painted. . . . Suit child 4 to 7 years."

"Daily Mirror":—

"Queen Mary of Scots said Calais would be found written on her heart."

Circular of the St. Helen's Cable and Rubber Co., Ltd., Warrington:—

"St. Helen's Co.'s cab tyre sheathed flexible cord . . . is used for wiring in the worst situations, such as Breweries, Acid Factories and in the Houses of Parliament."

Bull's Eyes.

Notes of Interrogation:—

Isn't "spleen" the Kaiser's principal malady?

Won't Turkey soon have to face "dismemberment"?

Won't "The Day" be one of reckoning for Germany?

Shouldn't a "Kitchener's Army" have the best of cooks?

Wasn't the "outbreak" in South Africa a "rash" affair?

Aren't "mince spies" the only popular variety just now?

Aren't the staff of the Germhun Emperor "suffering" also?

Aren't the Huns finding plenty of "occupation" in Belgium?

Isn't it nearly time the Crown Prince had another Iron Cross?

Aren't the Germhun military authorities busy "re-trenching"?

Isn't "Sink the cruiser, and save the crew-sir" the English motto?

Have you made a "bull hit" at our "Bullets" yet? See page 28.

Doesn't the Archbishop of York interpret "Love your Enemies" rather too literally?

• • •

How to get a Merry Christmas for 2d. Buy *John and Mary.*

• • •

"Why was the Iron Cross?" asks a correspondent. Because the Kaiser "gave it away," we presume.

• • •

The Kaiser says the Germans will win because "their nerves are stronger." We cannot deny their "nerve."

"John Bull" insures you against Air Raids FREE. See page 27.

FINAL COUPON. SEND YOUR ENTRIES NOW.

For Correct Coupon.

£1,000

Nothing to Pay.

£125 MUST BE WON!

NOTE! THIS CONTEST CLOSES FIRST POST THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24.

Final coupon this week. Fill it in now—it is your last chance. £1,000 will be paid for an all-correct coupon, whilst £125 must be won, including £25 for a mauve coupon from *Mary Bull*. As announced above, this contest closes early—so post your coupons in ample time. There are no fees, and you can send as many coupons as you like. Scottish readers are specially invited to enter.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO

is to forecast the results of the League games, to be played on Saturday, December 20th, given on the entrance form on page 2 of our cover. Note the special method of marking your forecasts, as explained on the coupon.

£1,000 FOR ALL-CORRECT COUPON.

The sum of £1,000 will be paid to the competitor sending in an entrance form containing correct forecasts of all the matches given, played to a finish.

COUPON and Rules on PAGE 2 of COVER.

Should no entrance form be received giving the whole of the correct results, £100 will be paid to the competitor sending in the most correct forecasts, even if only 8 or 10.

£25 "MAUVE" COUPON PRIZE.

In addition we shall pay an extra £25 cash prize for the most correct forecast sent on a *Mary Bull* mauve coupon.

By using a *mauve* coupon, you have the opportunity of winning not only the £1,000 or the £100, but an *extra* £25. Thus in any event

£125 MUST BE WON.

Should a mauve coupon win, or share the £1,000 or £100, the £25 will be awarded to the sender of THE NEXT best mauve coupon. The final mauve coupon will be found in this week's *Mary Bull*, on sale Friday, December 18th.

Address "John Bull," 25, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C. Mark envelope "Football Contest No. 9." Contest closes first post Thursday, December 24 h

OWING TO THE XMAS HOLIDAYS—CLOSES FIRST POST THURSDAY, DECEMBER, 24th.

THE ZEPPELIN PERIL.

Our Free Insurance (GUARANTEED AT LLOYD'S) against Injury to Home, Limb and Life.

Our scheme for insurance against the Zeppelin Peril has been most enthusiastically received by our readers, in view of the fact that the ordinary fire, life and accident policies of the various insurance offices afford no protection against such a risk as that arising from bombs in time of war.

The arrangements which we have made provide, *free of any cost*, protection not only in regard to life and limb *but also against damage to the home*. There is no necessity to fill up any form of subscription to this journal or to affix stamps to our coupons. *All you have to do is to carry with you the coupon which will be found on page ii. of our cover—after signing it, with name and address* and renew the coupon every week, so as always to have the current week's coupon filled in and upon you. Thus, this week's coupon holds good, in London and twelve miles round, until 8 a.m. on Tuesday, December 22nd, and in other parts of the United Kingdom until 8 a.m. on Wednesday, December 23rd—the difference in dates being explained by the fact that next week's JOHN BULL is published in the London District on Tuesday, and elsewhere on Wednesday.

To every person injured on land by the enemy's aircraft within the United Kingdom, and who, before the time of injury, had duly filled up the coupon which will be found on page ii. of the cover of this issue, or of such coupon from any subsequent issue, during the period therein stated, we will pay, to either such person or to the person named :—

As regards persons of 16 years of age and upwards.

In the event of death within 30 days	£300
In the event of injury permanently preventing such person from carrying on his or her usual occupation	£250
In the event of partial disablement	£100
For minor injury	£50

As regards persons under the age of 16 and over the age of 12 :—

In the event of death, the sum of	£250
In the event of total disablement	£100
In the event of partial disablement	£50
In any other case	£25

In the case of children under 12 :—

In the event of death, the sum of	£100
In the event of injury involving the loss of any organ or limb	£50
In the event of any other injury	£10
**In the event of direct damage to Home or Contents, up to.. .. ..

MORE CHRISTMAS PRIZES!

FIRST PRIZE **£250** **FIRST PRIZE**

10 WAR PRIZES of £10-0-0

100 XMAS PRIZES OF £1

FOR THIS WEEK ONLY.

TEN PRIZES of £2-10-0

100 PRIZES of 10/- Each. | **200 PRIZES of 5/- Each.**

AND 2,000 OTHER HANDSOME PRIZES.

Bullets can only be constructed from these Examples.

WHEN BRITAIN CALLS	SEASONABLE GREETING	MAKING THE PUDDING	KEEPING CHRISTMAS	PACKING UP
GERMANY'S TASK	MOST STUPID	MEANS BUSINESS	GAME OF BLUFF	SAD AWAKENING
MY CHRISTMAS WISH	THE LITTLE ONES	BREEDS SUSPICION	CALLING TIME	RISING SPIRITS
CARVING TURKEY	UNPLEASANT SURPRISE	SPEAKING THE TRUTH	FULL DESCRIPTION	RAN AWAY BEFORE EVERYTHING
SEA FIGHTS	LETTER FROM HOME	WORRIES FATHER	GREAT ENTERPRISE	STUDYING ECONOMY
IN THE STOCKING	SEASONABLE GIFT	POPULAR GAME	A TRUSTY SERVANT	PRESSING ATTENTIONS

Closing date, Thursday, December 24th

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(116) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page iii. of cover.

Signed .....

Address .....

A Sixpenny Entry Fee Must Accompany this Coupon.

Not more than three words may be used to construct a Bullet.

This week's Bullets Coupons will also be found in "Mary Bull," dated December 23th.

Closing date, Thursday, December 24th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(116) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page iii. of cover.

Signed .....

Address .....

A Sixpenny Entry Fee Must Accompany this Coupon.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS NO. 116," "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

Write "COMPETITION" on top left-hand corner of Envelope.

FOR THIS WEEK ONLY.

100 XMAS PRIZES OF £1 EACH

FOR THIS WEEK ONLY

HOW TO MAKE BULLETS.

First choose any of our thirty examples. Then give two words or three words having some bearing on the example chosen. The FIRST AND LAST word selected MUST begin with ANY OF THE LETTERS in the example chosen. If three words are selected any word can be used as the middle word.

For instance, if you take the example "SAD AWAKENING" and take the letters "A" and "D," using the word "MONEYLENDER'S" as the middle word, you can make the Bullet "AFTER MONEYLENDER'S DEMANDS."

From the example "BREEDS SUSPICION," the Bullet "BOBBY'S SILENCE" can be formed. Again, if you choose the example "STUDYING ECONOMY," using the letter "I" as initial for both the first and last word, you can make the Bullet "INDICATES MATRIMONIAL INTENTIONS."

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. But if both coupons are used an entry fee of one shilling must be sent.

The ink will not run if the coupon is slightly warmed before being used.

RESULT OF THIS COMPETITION WILL BE FOUND IN OUR ISSUE DATED JANUARY 9th, 1915.

RESULT OF 113TH BULLETS COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:—

MR. BASIL SAUNDERS,
"Dalmeny,"
Staplegrove,
Taunton.

Example:—HOME LESSONS.
Bullet:—STRAIN "PUPILS" SOMETIMES.

10 WAR PRIZES OF £10 EACH:

Mr. E. BRADBURN, 6, Vernon Grove, Eccles, Manchester:
AN OLD TROUBLE—"OWING" TO RELATIONS.

Mr. DAVID F. HASSON, 20, Queen Street, Lochmaben, Dumfriesshire, Scotland:
FATHER'S BEER—RESEMBLES CONJURER'S TRICK.

Mr. H. ROOK, Parcels Dept., L.B. & S.C. Station, Brighton:
BACKING BILL—IDEA AGAINST HABER.

Mr. JOSEPH FREEDMAN, 58, Bruce Street, St. Helens:
PROVIDING FOR MISSUS—FIVE MOONS IN POCKET.

Mr. FRED WHEELEY, 18, Farrar Street, Bursley:
READY FOR ACTION—HARELY LANDLADY'S SHUT.

Miss MABEL FROST, 75, Stanley Gardens, Acton Vale, London:
STICKING TOGETHER—TWO PEDAMBULATORS GENERALLY.

Mr. L. WILLIAMS, 7, Moss Side Road, Cadishead, Manchester:
ENGINEERING MOVEMENT—INEBRIATE'S SHORT CUTS.

Mr. A. D. MARSHALL, Woolstock, Vicarage Road, Hounslow:
HARD KNOCKING—AGITATES NEIGHBOUR'S CURTAINS.

Mr. W. JOHNS (Staff), Sandringham Hotel, Cardiff:
WHEN HEAD ARRIVES—HE USUALLY "DRIVES."

Mr. WM. THOMAS KNOTT, 42, Richmond Place, Beacon Hill, Bath:
HOME LESSONS—SAY "MOTHER'S OUT."

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH.

Mr. F. J. HEIGHWAY, 283, Ivydale Road, Nunhead, S.E.:
AN OLD TROUBLE—ENDS "IN LAW."

Mr. JOHN HALEY, 6, Toftshaw Lane, Tong, Bradford:
STICKING TOGETHER—COWARD'S TEETH REFUSE.

Mr. OLIVER LANE, 39, Broxash Road, Clapham Common, London, S.W.:
TAXING THE PUBLIC—POWER OF "ATTORNEY."

Mrs. MARY WATTS, Auton Field, Bearpark, Durham:
ONE TOO MANY—AGED EMPLOYER TREMBLES.

Mr. NEIL GLASS, Hartford House, Bedlington, Northumberland:
BITTER OPPOSITION—THE CRANK'S PASTIME.

Mr. REUBEN G. THOMAS, 37, Rye Hill Park, Peckham, S.E.:
WORTHWHILE INVENTION—NEWLYWED THINKS TELEPHONE.

Mr. J. THACKRAY, Electricity Works, Back-of-Walls, Southampton:
SPENDING SUNDAY—EXCURSIONIST ——TRAVELLING PRINCIPALLY.

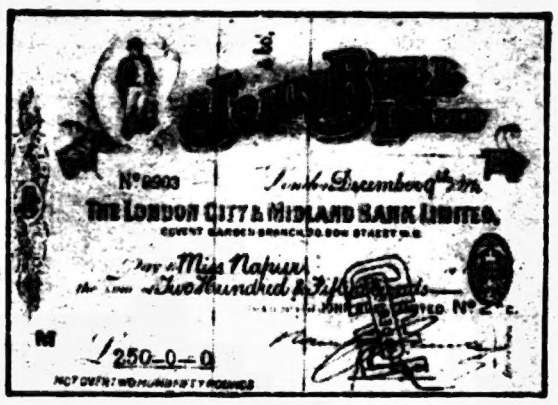
Miss JEAN DICKIE, 2, Rosewood Terrace, Dundee:
COMING FAST—AFTER BABY—SAMPLES.

Mr. T. FIELD, 9, King Street, Bedworth, near Nuneaton:
WONDERFUL INVENTION—TOMMY'S WAR TERMS.

Mr. J. WINTER, 20, Old Tower Buildings, London, E.:
BAD CHARACTER—"DEEDS" GIVE "TITLE."

100 PRIZE WINNERS OF 10s. EACH.

ALEXANDER, R. (Mrs.), 63, Ferry Street, Montrose, Scotland.
ALLAN, H. T., 81, Oak Hill Road, Putney, S.W.
ARMSTRONG, M. G., 1, Rydal Street, Gateshead.
ARNOLD, R., 216, Nechells Park Road, Birmingham.
ARTHUR, O., Picturedrome Hall, Rhosllanerchrugog, N. Wales.
ATKINSON, J. N., 142, Maperton Road, Bradford.
BAINES, W. (Pte.), A Coy., No. 1975, 7th Ser. Batt., R.W. Kent, Purfleet Huts, Essex.
BARCLAY, L., 71, Wiltshire Road, Brixton, London, S.W.
BATES, R. M., 39, Beechwood Road, Alcester Lanes End, near Birmingham.
BELL, CHRISSIE, c.o. Peat, 5, Pitkerro Road, Dundee.
BENNETT, A. B., 17, Guernsey Road, Stoneycroft, Liverpool.
BERRY, J. (Sgt.), 60, Farrar Street, Hull Road, York.
BERRY, F., Hays Cottage, Wivelsecmbe.
BEST, H. (Mrs.), 4, Wingfield Street, Gorse Hill, Shelford, Manchester.
BIRKETT, MAUDE, 69, Grosvenor Park, Camberwell, S.E.
BROOME, A. E., Tramway Employees' Club, Hartshead, Sheffield
BROWN, E. J., 37, Lee Terrace, Blackheath.
BROWN, J., Eng. Sub.-Lt., H.M.S. Sea Fay, c.o. G.P.O., London.
BU KLAND, G. H. (Sgt.), 17th Lancers, Curragh, Ireland.
BUTLER, H. S., 22, Mayville Road, Ilford, Essex.
CALDER, E. (Mrs.), 173, Otley Road, Bradford, Yorks.
CARLISLE, C. (Rev.), Stanford-le-Hope, Essex.
CARTER, F., 16, Winfield Place, Leeds.
CLARKE, A. (Mrs.), Hillcroft, Yarborough Road, Lincoln.
CLARKE, J. M., 10, Gladstone Terrace, Usworth, Washington, S.O., Co. Durham.
CLARKSON, T., 16, Chiswell Street, Liverpool, E.
COCKS, H., 25, Moor Lane, Lancaster.
COOTE, J., 19, Willowbank Crescent, Glasgow, W.
CORE, C., 47, Woodcroft Road, Stechford, Birmingham.
DAWSON, W., Time Dept., Messrs. Caird and Co., Greenock.
DAWSON, G., No. 21772, M.S.M. 62nd Coy. (M.T.), A.S.C., 2nd Ammunition Park, British Expeditionary Force, France.
DUNKIN, T. (Sapper), R.E., c.o. Kingsbury, No. 3, Davis Road, Upper Parkstone, Dorset.
EVANS, C. M., 29, Ramsay Street, Scarborough.
FARRALL, M. A. (Mrs.), 177, Tower Gardens Rd., Tottenham, N.
FOREACRE, G. H., Public Baths, Woolwich, S.E.
FORBES, H. M., 5, Guildford Crescent, Cardiff.
FOSTER, H., 47, Shirland Street, Chesterfield.
FRASER (Sgt.), 8 Black Watch, Maida Barracks, Aldershot.
FROST, J. H., Tintagel, Cornwall.
GOODWIN, H. E., Birch Brook House, Heatley, Cheshire.
GORDON, C., 15, Springbank Street, Glasgow.
GRIFFITH, J. V., Drumdoe, Blackrock, Dublin.
HALL, A. M. (Mrs.), 4, Park Crescent West, Wigan.
HALLETT, H. A., 14, Almeric Road, Clapham Common, S.W.
HAMMOND, E. G., Selwyn, Alcester Rd., Stratford-on-Avon.
HARRISON, H. C. (Mrs.), 59, Edward Street, Brighton.
HAWTIN, MAY, c.o. Mr. Lamont, 13, S. Charlotte St., Edinburgh.
HAYES, M. H., Black Mill School, Kilkenny.
HIGGINS, H. (Gr.), 164 Battery, C. Sub-section, Waterloo Barracks, Aldershot.
HOLLAND, W., 24, Barnsley Street, Stockport.
HORNER (Mrs.), 13, Forester Avenue, Bath.
HOUGH, A. M. (Mrs.), 99, Morley Avenue, Mapperley, Notts.
HUGHES, J., 101, Regent Street, Treorchy, Wales.
HUME, G. A., 115, Prince Consort Rd., Gateshead-on-Tyne.
HUNT, A. B., 69, Frederick Street, Caledonian Road, N.
HOWARTH, R., 302, Mottram Road, Hyde, Cheshire.
IREDALE, ELLEN, 36, Pleasant Street, Bradford, Yorks.
IRVING, J., H.M. Custom House, Aberdeen.
JAMES (Mrs.), 222, Weaste Lane, Weaste, Manchester.
JOANS, A. E., 47, Blinco Grove, Cambridge.
JOHNSON, W., 21, Kerrsland Drive, Stranmillis, Belfast.
KENWAY, M. M. (Miss), 42, Belmont Street, Green Road, Southsea, Portsmouth.
KING, L., 118, Bailey Street, Brynmawr, Brec.
KIRKBY, R., Napleton Farm, Kempsey, near Worcester.
LECKEY, S. J., 23, Drummond Street, Wolverhampton.
LEE, W., 118, Stow Hill, Newport, Mon.
LIQUORISH, H., 3, Harewood Street, Leicester.
LYNCH, F. J., 33, Smiley Fields Road, Frizinghall, Bradford.
MARSHALL, A. S., 2, Furnivall Road, Doncaster.
MASON, MINNIE L., Goldsmiths' Hall, Carey Lane, City.



The original of the above cheque will be on view at the premises of Mr. R. Hunter, 138, High Street, Portobello, from Thursday, December 17th, and those of Mr. J. B. Fraser, 134, Leith Street, Edinburgh, from Monday December 21st.

A reproduction of the cheque will be shown daily on the screen at the Cinema House, 18, Nicholson Street, Edinburgh.

MATHESON, W. A., 53, Stevenson Drive, Glasgow.
MOORE, L. (Schoolmistress), Garrison Schools, Marlboro' Lines, Aldershot.
MORGAN, RUSSELL, 34, Clifton Street, Aberdare, Glam.
NOBLE, T., 6, Balcarres Road, Leyland, near Preston, Lancs.
OSWALD, L. M., 41, Northumberland Avenue, Kingston, Dublin.
OWEN, T., 28, Albert Street, Pentre, Rhondda, Glam.
PARKIN, W., 67, West Craven Street, Salford, Manchester.
PARSONS, G., 147, Laburnum Grove, North End, Portsmouth.
PARTON, W. B. (Gr.), 9036, 16th Battery, R.F.A., Topsham Bks., Exeter.
PEARCE, S., 64, Melfort Road, Thornton Heath, Surrey.
PLUMTREE, W. T., 40, St. Matthias Road, Nottingham.
RANDALL, W. H., Tumbitch, Derbyshire.
REEVE, J., 11, Randall Street, Eckington, Sheffield.
RIDDLE, E. C., 21, Hardy St., Maidstone.
REYNOLDS, H., 70, Worthington Road, Surbiton.
ROBERTS, H., Mark's Tey, near Colchester.
SIMPSON, C., 14, Lynedock St., Greenock.
SIRETT, H., 11, Wetenhall Rd., Cambridge.
SMITH, A. (Miss), 9, Chapel Road, Llanharan, Glam.
SMITH, A., 21, Dashwood Road, Prestwich, Lancs.
SMITH, G. A., 1, Cleveland View, Ackworth, Pontefract.
SUPPER, C., 33, Goodge Street, London, W.
TANNER, ALICE M., Thornbury, Bromyard.
TAYLOR, H., 75, Richmond Terrace, Darwen, Lancs.
THOMAS, M. (Miss), 23, Silver St., Enfield.
VINE, W., 402, New Chester Road, Rock Ferry, Birkenhead.
WATSON, W. C., 128, Limestone Road, Belfast.
WHITELAW, J., Insurance Rifle Club, Greenside, Edinburgh.
WILLIAMS, W., Myrtle Cottage, Brixton, Plymouth.
WYNN, P. (Mrs.), 3, Mexborough Avenue, Leeds.

Selection from 200 Prize-Winners of 5s. each.

MARTIN, J., 94, Tates Avenue, Belfast.
MASON, J., 74, Cranbourne Road, Wavertree, Liverpool.
MATTHEWS, R. J., 26, Kelvin Road, Highbury, N.
MACFARLANE (Nurse), Mold, Flintshire.
MCGEEHAN, C., 1, St. John Street, Coatbridge, N.B.
MCINTOSH, J., c.o. Marshall, 9, Leslie Street, Blairgowrie, N.B.
MCNULTY, R., Stores Dept., Union Castle Co. Docks, Southampton.
MCKENNA, E. (Staff.) Tels. Dept., G.P.O., Dublin.
MCPHERSON, A. (Miss), Kilnbank, Glengate, Kirriemuir.
MCVEIGH, J., Hospital Ship 5, c.o. G.P.O., London.
MEDLAM, W. B., Instruction Dept., c.o. I.C.S., Kingsway, London.
MELLING, H., 92, Greenough St., Wigan.
MEREDITH, R. (Rev.), 2, Brentwood Grove, Armley, Leeds.
MERRITT, C., Mrytle Cottage, Warsash, Southampton.
MONTAGUE, A. E., Croxton House, Grosvenor Road, Rugby.

Owing to lack of space we are unable to publish a list of the 250 prize winners of Turkeys on this page. A complete list will be sent to any applicant forwarding a halfpenny stamp to these offices, and will also appear in the "Competitors' Journal."

"BULLETS" RULES (*which must be strictly adhered to*).

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. A careful study of the winning efforts from week to week will also indicate the standard of merit to be attained. The right to divide a prize of prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons on page 28, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. Both coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ——— & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses, and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons.

4. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner, or have portions of another coupon pasted upon them.

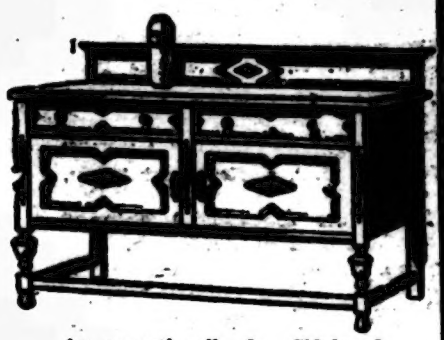
5. Entries must reach us not later than the first post on the morning of Thursday, December 24th.

6. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

7. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

No element of chance enters into the adjudication of our "Bullets" Competition. Every coupon is judged by TWO DIFFERENT Members of our special staff of Adjudicators, who have been elected by reason of their high qualification for this work. This staff put aside all coupons which they considered sufficiently meritorious to qualify for a prize. So that before any coupon is rejected, TWO DIFFERENT Judges have to decide that it is not of sufficient merit to receive a prize. Then, all coupons selected are considered by the Competition Editor in consultation with the Judges. In this manner the coupons are reduced in number to correspond with the total number of prizes to be awarded. The Competition Editor, again in consultation with the Judges, next selects all the lines of outstanding merit. These are placed before the Editor, who, after consultation, decides finally the order of merit. This system of judging keeps a large staff of Adjudicators continually occupied the whole of the week—so thoroughly is the work done. We would point out that, by this system of judging, no award is decided arbitrarily by one mind. It is only after a line has been considered sufficiently meritorious by a BODY OF JUDGES IN CONSULTATION, all of whom are specially qualified for the work, that it can receive a cash or any other prize. As regards the principal prizes, the coupons of outstanding merit are considered many times by the Editor, and also by the Competition Editor and the adjudication staff in consultation, before the final awards are made. In a sentence: ALL coupons are read and considered and re-read and re-considered by a specially selected staff of highly-qualified Adjudicators, under the general supervision of an experienced Competition Expert—and in consultation with the Editor. That is why "Bullets" constitute a genuine skill contest, free from any and every element of arbitrary decision or of chance selection.

Complete List of all Cash and other Prize-Winners in the above Competition can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."



An exceptionally fine Sideboard, designed in the style of the Jacobean period. Soundly constructed of oak, and very carefully finished in every detail.

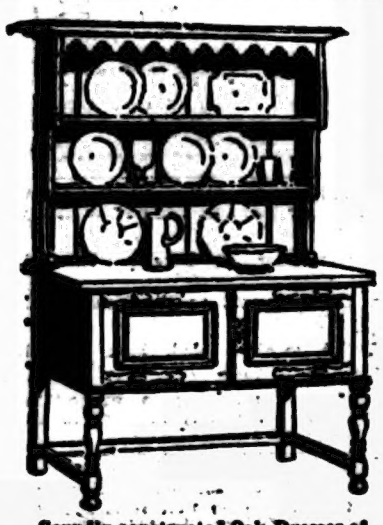
£5 18s. 6d.

Ideal Terms

Town or Country.

Worth.			Per Month.		
£10	...	...	£0	6	0
£20	...	...	0	11	0
£30	...	...	0	17	0
£40	...	...	1	5	0
£50	...	...	1	8	0
£100	...	...	2	5	0
£200	...	...	4	10	0

Larger amounts pro rata.



Soundly constructed Oak Dresser of quaint design, with roomy cupboard in the lower part, and oxydised hinges and fittings. Finished in any shade desired.

£3 3s. Cd.

Spend this Christmas in a beautiful Home of your own.

To sit by your own hearth on Christmas Eve; to watch the firelight glimmering on the holly that wreathes your own pictures, and on the polished surfaces of your own furniture; to feel that all the beautiful things in the room really belong to you—what a sense of homely comfort, what an intimate joy of possession it gives you.

And why not enjoy it yourself this Christmas? The "Midland" Ideal Terms enable you to get just the home you have longed for—to get it without touching a penny of your capital—and to get it NOW.

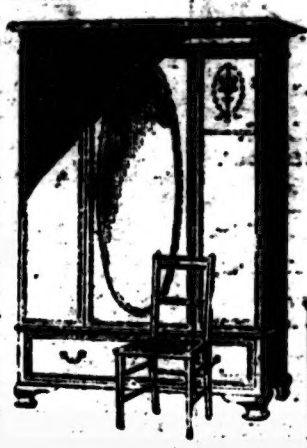
Write for the "Midland" Book of Furniture.

Send a postcard with your address, and you get the finest guide to furnishing ever published, free by return. It contains over 1,000 photographs actually taken inside the "Midland" Salons. All prices are given. *Write for it to-day.*

Free Life and Fire Insurance.

The "Midland" charge nothing for credit—no interest—nothing beyond the plainly marked prices on each article. Customers can also obtain free insurance policies whereby **all furniture purchased on Ideal Terms becomes the absolute property of the wife** in the event of the death of the purchaser. **All furniture** thus purchased is also **insured against fire free.**

10% Discount for Cash.



Country Orders.

All goods carefully packed free of charge, and forwarded carriage paid.

Handsomely finished Sheraton style Mahogany Bedroom Suite, comprising 4 ft. Wardrobe with bevelled oval mirror in door and drawer at foot, Dressing-chest with bevelled swing mirror at back, Washstand with marble top and tiled back. Complete, with 2 cane-seated Chairs. **£14 14s. 0d.**

Midland

Furnishing Company, Ltd.,

Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies,

15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, London, W.C.

Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station. 1 minute from British Museum Tube Station.
Hours—9 till 8. Saturdays—9 till 1.

Governing Director, **GEORGE MICHAEL** *(who has been associated with the business for 40 years).*

Printed and Published for the Proprietors (John Bull, Ltd.), by ODHAMS LIMITED, 93 and 94, Long Acre, London, W.C. Agents for the Colonies—Gordon and Gotch, Ltd., London, Australia, Canada, etc. South Africa—General News Agency, Ltd. Also Imperial News Co., Ltd., Canada. All Editorial Communications must be addressed to the Editor at 93, Long Acre, and applications for Advertisement Space in "John Bull" must be made to Messrs. Odhams Limited (Advertisement Department), 93-94, Long Acre, London, W.C. Telephone: Gerrard 2585.